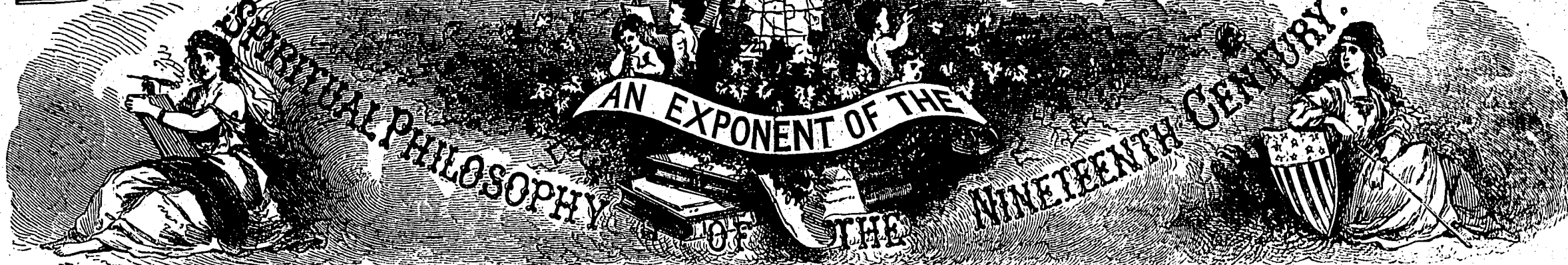


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

How few are the friends that we love,
How few are the ties that entwine,
Where sympathy dwells in each soul,
And thrills our emotions divine.
How few are the smiles from the heart,
How few are the greetings sincere,
Where friendship spontaneous flows—
A fountain responsive and clear.
Though true-hearted friends are most rare—
Of severed, and seldom are seen;
Though distance may lengthen its line,
By spreading earth's carpets between—
The heart-string will never be broken,
True friendship can never be riven;
It buds while our years are revolving,
And blooms ever fragrant in heaven.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CLARE DEVINE.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY MISS ELIZA M. HICKOK.

CHAPTER I.

Soft and sweet, a strain of music arose upon the evening air, from a spacious parlor, where a large and fashionable company were gathered, and floated upward, and over the merry laugh and lively conversation, gaining strength and power till it seemed to fill the room.

Soon it caught the attention of the animated throng, and every voice was silent, or hushed to a low whisper, for this was a rare and beautiful harmony, and must be felt by a skillful hand. Yes, and a heart, too, that felt as well as understood music, for as the tones of the instrument swelled loud and strong, then, with a power which seemed to sway the mind completely, sank to a low yet sweet and thrilling strain, a voice joined harmoniously with it—a voice powerful and rich with deep, unuttered feeling. At first soft and low, it soon gained strength and fullness, till with the instrument it rose to a grand and lofty height, thrilling and rousing the soul to new and better thoughts.

The organ was one of the finest, though it occupied a position designed by the mistress of the house to be rather obscure. For Mrs. Evans had feared greatly that an organ would not be so fashionable in her elegant parlor as would a grand piano. But John Evans was firm in his determination that an organ, and such a one as he fancied, should have its place in the parlor, for he dearly loved its music. And since he had given his consent that a piano might also make its appearance, and beside was perfectly willing that the other should take its place in that portion of the room known as the "back parlor," when the "folding-doors" were closed, this little affair was very amiably arranged.

The stately rosewood piano occupied a conspicuous position in the front parlor, which was large, and as Mrs. Evans reflected when she was trying to resign herself, "would do sometimes for small, select parties," and she could have the folding-doors closed if she wished, and so shut out the "clumsy organ," which, however, was a rich and elegant piece of furniture, in its heavily-carved black-walnut frame.

Mrs. Evans knew or cared little about music herself; but she was aware that many preferred the lively tones of the piano, with its stirring marches and gay waltzes, which set young feet in motion, and made the hours fly merrily and carelessly by. The swelling tones of the organ, she thought, seemed out of place in a parlor.

But to-night it was in the parlor, for the gathering was large, and the two rooms formed one spacious, splendid hall. Mrs. Evans would have preferred having the banished musical instrument closed, for "of course," she said, "no one would want that slow music," or "knew how to play it, either;" but John preferred it open, and although he seldom disturbed his wife's management of affairs, or joined the gay throng she liked to gather about her, yet, after all, when he chose, John Evans was master in his own house.

So, although the hostess, engaged in a distant part of the room, wondered who had taken a fancy to play the organ, she took no trouble to ascertain till, all about her, she began to hear comments and questions like these: "What delightful music!" "How divine!" "What a splendid performer!" and "Who is she?" "When did she arrive?" "How plainly she is dressed!" "Who can she be?"

The last remarks roused Mrs. Evans, and she made her way, as fast as she was able, to that part of the room, which now seemed the only attractive point. And working her way among the moving throng as fast as politeness would allow, and with a countenance rather more interested than usual, she at last caught sight of the absorbed musician, whose soul appeared to be in the melody she had awakened.

But Mrs. Evans's look of interest changed to one of startled wonder, then to one which plainly said, "It cannot be possible!" and lastly, as she became convinced that she actually saw aright, a look of terrible though suppressed anger succeeded, which marred all the beauty of a really handsome countenance.

And while she was struggling with her feelings—for she would not allow them to betray her into an unkindly word or act—we also will glance at the innocent object which inspired them.

We see what Mrs. Evans saw: seated at the organ—a young lady, plainly dressed, in deep black; her hair worn in plain, though becoming style, a spray of natural leaves twined carelessly

in its dark abundance. The hands, small and fair, seem at home in their occupation, and belong to one unused to toil, though not a ring glitters upon the pretty fingers.

The face, lighted now by the inspiration of music, looks beautiful. The eyes possess a wondrous power to flash forth the feelings of the soul; and now they shine with a rapturous light. And, standing near, looking as though she enjoyed the gentle commotion all about them—a tall, handsome girl, with sparkling black eyes, and hair the deepest hue of auburn, who received from Mrs. Evans a severely relooking glance; for this young lady with the animated countenance and half-defiant air, was Miss Henrietta Evans, an only child, and the heiress of John Evans's comfortable wealth; and a more determined, willful young lady one seldom sees.

Her mother rightly supposed that she could explain this unwarrantable intrusion, which, for herself, she could not understand, but was very much annoyed by.

But the music ceased; and the fair performer arose with a stately grace, which would have become any lady present; and seeming only anxious to escape from observation, quickly and quietly glided from the room, disappearing through a side-door, conveniently near. But not before she had met the glance, designed to be one of withering scorn and reproof, which Mrs. Evans hoped she would feel and profit by.

Her clear cheek flushed, but the color rose no higher; and there was something of a quiet, inherent pride in the look which she returned the brief moment ere she left the room.

Then there were more comments than before. Those who had seen her declared her "very plain looking." "Such a colorless face, and sad expression!" True, when the brief inspiration had faded from her face, hardly any stranger would think her beautiful, and many would declare her plain. Her features were regular—her hair wavy and abundant—a rich dark color, which would be called black, unless seen in the sunshine; her face nearly colorless, but clear and fair as a child's.

This was Clare Devine at the time we present her to you, reader. Looking at her pale, calm face, you would feel that it only wanted something to arouse the deep undercurrent of feeling which she must possess, and bring gladness and animation to her face, to make her beautiful as a picture.

Vandale Horton, standing quite near, unobserved himself, had listened to the rare melody she awoke—had seen the dark, mournful eyes; and he was destined not to forget either.

The guests were of course very curious to know the meaning of this sudden appearance and disappearance; but their hostess was evidently so deeply disturbed by it that they dare not question, but contented themselves with conjectures and comments.

But Mr. Horton had been a little too much interested to be so easily content, and being a very intimate friend of the family—in fact, Mrs. Evans hoped he might become a member of it ere long—he soon found his way to the side of Miss Henrietta, and commenced to ask her "who the young lady was—why she did not remain?" &c.

But the reply he received was rather a shock to his pride, for proud he certainly was. Belonging to an aristocratic family, he was proud of birth, of social position and of name; but yet he had a noble heart.

To his questions Miss Evans coolly replied, "She is Miss Clare Devine, my mother's seamstress, just at present, though how much longer she will remain in that capacity I consider uncertain."

"But how on earth happened she to come in here to play?"

"Oh, I am all to blame for that; and as you seem so deeply interested, if you will call to-morrow, I will tell you more about it."

"But certainly she must be educated, at least in music; and she appeared ladylike, too. She must belong to a good family, judging from her appearance and not by her occupation."

"And I presume she does, or did, rather, for I believe she is alone in the world now. But you know 'good families' sometimes meet with reverses, and—I suppose I shall give you a terrible shock, Vandale Horton—but her father died a suicide."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the startled young man, "what a cruel fate for her!"

They were now conversing apart from the company, and no one observed them, for they were quite generally supposed to be lovers. Mrs. Evans had seen them talking earnestly together, and smiled complacently. She would have felt less satisfied had she known of whom they were conversing.

"Well," replied Miss Evans, "I am glad you can think more of her lonely condition than of the disgrace the world would attach to her. Most people would exclaim only of the humiliation, and wonder how she dared hold her head up in society, as if she were to blame for the misfortunes of her friends."

"You are right, Miss Evans; she is not to blame! But she must have suffered terribly. Do you know anything more of her unfortunate father? Had he committed a crime, and feared detection, that he should take his own life?"

"I know hardly anything about it. I think, however, it was some business trouble; but I have always heard him called an honorable man. But they are looking for us to come over there."

And soon they mingled with the gay throng now forming for a dance. Here we will leave them, and, glancing backward a little, learn what Mrs. Evans is so anxious to know, how Miss Devine happened to be in the grand parlor at an evening entertainment.

CHAPTER II.

Clare Devine had been an inmate of the household of Mrs. Evans but a short time, and had thus

far given excellent satisfaction. Mrs. Evans was pleased with her attention to her work, and the neatness with which it was done, and, further than that, took little notice of the pale, sad girl who never murmured at the lot she seemed so little fitted for. But Mrs. Evans had taken a fancy to her, and when she liked a person she was a true friend. Thoughtless she sometimes was, but kind at heart, with one of those resolute wills which fears no opposing power, she chose and rejected her friends where she pleased, caring little for the rules of society. And this was a great trouble to her mother, who was always so fearful of "what people would say."

One day Miss Devine was left alone in the house, and, having completed her work at hand, she had wandered into the parlor, and, seeing the open piano, thought she would give herself the pleasure, rare with her now, of hearing its tones. It would seem to rest her weary soul, even though it brought sad remembrances to mind. Soon she was lost to all but the music which she loved so well, nor heard the entrance of Miss Evans, who had come quietly in and listened—with a surprise which had nothing of envy or annoyance—to this music from one whom her mother would wish her to consider far beneath herself.

But Clare Devine struck a chord at last which awoke such painful memories that she faltered—she could not go on, and, covering her face with her hands, allowed her tears to flow freely. And then the kind, sympathetic heart of Miss Evans was touched. She thought only of the grief of the young girl before her, and, coming to her side, spoke gently and as though she were a sister. Clare was startled; she had thought herself alone; and, struggling hard for her usual calmness, she would have apologized and retired. But the earnest sympathy expressed by her new friend could not be cast aside. She felt that it was real, and it assured and comforted her until it melted her usual reserve. They did not refer to the cause of her grief, but talked of music, Miss Evans asking her if she could play the organ as well, and receiving her reply that she was very familiar with it, and loved its music best. Then she gained Clare's promise to play for her sometime, though she did not ask it then, for it was nearly time for her mother to return, and she well knew how displeased she would be at such familiarity.

But from that time she determined to befriend Miss Devine in every possible way. And she had done so, making her life far happier than it would otherwise have been.

Early in the afternoon of Mrs. Evans's great party, Clare sat busily sewing, in the back room assigned to her for her daily labors. She was thinking of her sad, eventful past, and wondering if her future was to be all as lonely and monotonous as her present, when Miss Evans came into the room, carelessly attired, "to take all the comfort she could," she said, before she must dress for evening.

Now, Miss Henrietta Evans had set her mind upon accomplishing something, which to many would have seemed impossible. She had planned a scheme very recently, so wild and improbable, she would never breathe it to any mortal; and yet, she did not despair of its final success. She knew, to draw Clare into it, she must deceive her a little; for if Clare Devine knew some things which she did not, but Miss Evans did, she could never be persuaded to enter the parlor, when so many guests were present.

She must not know that Mrs. Evans would regard such a step as almost unpardonable presumption in one of her position. She must not know that the organ was seldom used, and might excite attention; or that, beyond a few who would delight to hear it, her appearance would cause any comment.

So Miss Evans began to talk with her, saying, "It was a pity that one with such rare musical talent should spend her life in sewing; she was fitted for something else; and why did she not teach music, since she loved it so well?"

Clare smiled very sadly, and replied, "When one is forced to do something, and cannot obtain the employment they would wish, then you know they must do the best they can."

"But you ought, without difficulty, to get a situation as teacher, for few understand so well or can play different instruments with such ease. I am very sure, with all my anxious mother's trouble and expense, I shall never be able to throw such power into a piece of music as you do; and I wonder how you had patience to learn both the organ and piano so thoroughly."

"My father wished me to learn on the piano; but my mother best loved the slow, deep tones of the organ. It was her favorite of all others. Loving music as I did, I could learn readily on any instrument. Beside, I had always the best of teachers."

Miss Evans looked thoughtfully at Clare, as she ceased speaking, and thought what a self-control she had. For she had heard something of her painful history by a person who had known the family. And she thought, had such trials been hers, coming as they did in quick succession, she should have sunk beneath them; and could never had the moral strength to face a harsh, opposing world.

Soon she said, "My father dearly loves the organ, and ours is very fine; but he seldom has the pleasure of hearing it, for I can perform but poorly, having always practiced on the piano. Oh, Miss Devine, if you would only go down to-night, and play, as you only can, what a treat it would be to him. He is not always in the parlor, but to-night he will be, for many of his own particular friends will be present. Now do not say no, Clare," she continued rapidly, fearing to hear the direct refusal which she saw spoke from Clare's eyes and lip. "There will be so many present, you can just go in by the side door, and retire as quietly, if you wish. I know it is asking a great favor, but please don't refuse this once. I do so

want father to hear you play; and he will never have a better chance."

Clare looked at her with great surprise. There could be no doubt but that she was in earnest, and very anxious that her request should be complied with.

"But, my dear Miss Evans, consider how odd such a proceeding would be considered by your proud, fashionable guests; and would not your mother be highly displeased?"

"Oh, she never minds music at all," said Miss Evans evasively; "and I do so like oddities. If you only knew how some would like to hear you play, I am sure you would gratify them."

"Indeed, I love to please people; and under hardly any circumstances could I refuse a favor, which at the same time is such a pleasure to myself, as to play the organ. But certainly, among your guests, there will be those who can perform with equal, if not superior skill."

"Not emphatically. I venture to assert that there will not be a lady present to-night who can make such music as Clare Devine; rightly named, too, for her playing is divine," she added in a lower tone.

"Now, I fear you are disposed to flatter," said Clare, gravely.

"Indeed, I do not mean to, for I know it would displease you. I only spoke as I felt; and I want you to regard me as your friend, and hope time will prove to you that I am," said Miss Evans, earnestly. And after talking for some time longer she gained the desired promise.

Clare declined to refuse the impetuous but kind-hearted girl a favor which she could grant so easily; and never guessing that it would occasion more than a few passing remarks—for she did not anticipate attracting much attention—Clare told her that she would be ready at any time she should come out for her.

Miss Evans was delighted, for some reason of her own, and she thought to herself, "I hope she may not have to regret it in the end."

Evening came, and Henrietta Evans, merry and brilliant, as she helped to welcome the fast-coming guests, still felt a little anxious in regard to her scheming. But she glided gaily about, with a smile and pleasant word for every one, only waiting for a favorable opportunity to slip out and conduct Clare to the organ. That favorable opportunity she considered had arrived, when, her mother being busy in a distant part of the room, she had contrived to draw Vandale Horton in the vicinity of the organ; and getting him engaged in conversation with her father and several of their particular friends, she disappeared without being missed. She had marked their interest in conversation, and whispering to Clare, "No one will notice our entrance," both passed quietly into the room. Clare took her seat at the instrument, feeling rather nervous at first; but, as was always the case with her when once she touched the keys, she thought of nothing else. She was perfectly at home then; and soon, forgetting surroundings and circumstances, she played with a power and depth of feeling rare even with her; while Miss Evans stood by her side, rejoicing that to-night Clare surpassed herself.

Of course such music must attract attention; and it did in the manner recorded at the commencement. But when Miss Evans saw her mother's glance of wrath to Clare, and of angry rebuke to herself, she knew it was not ended. A storm was gathering, and she determined it should not fall on Clare, if she could receive it herself. But after her conversation with Mr. Horton no more was said on the subject, which, however, could not be banished from the minds of at least three persons.

When Mr. Horton parted from Miss Evans that night, he said he would call the following evening; and she, with her scheme still in view, asked him to call at an hour when she knew her mother would not be present at the time of his coming. Later, when she had retired to her own room, she laid aside her ornaments and rich evening dress, and sat down to consider. "Well," she began, "I am sure I do not know what I have done now. I suppose I may as well prepare for a lecture in the morning. Mamma knows that I had something to do with Clare's appearance in the parlor; but from her look, I am afraid she will never forgive Clare, and will send her away. But not if I can help it. I know very well it is mamma's wish, and an old arrangement between some persons, (who had no business to arrange such matters) that Vandale Horton and Henrietta Evans shall eventually marry. But I am by no means certain that he cares any more for me than I do for him, which is enough for friendship, but not for matrimony, in my way of thinking. Now, it would be of no earthly use to try to persuade mamma of the truth of these things. What does she care about love, so long as he has wealth and a good standing in society? But if only Mr. Vandale should really meet with some one he knew he did love, why, then, I fancy that would end it. He would marry to please himself, and I should be free."

But by the look in her eyes, the expression of her face, and the softly spoken words, of which we only catch the name of "Herbert," we imagine that the heart of Miss Henrietta is not quite free.

Soon she continued, "And Clare Devine is just the one for Mr. Horton. Though she has nothing of worldly wealth, he has enough; and with all else she is gifted. And if he could listen to that music and see that sad, expressive face, and not be interested, I am mistaken in him. Now I hope I shall never be guilty of match-making to any extent, but I do want to see how much I can help matters along, just this once. But what a shock I gave him to-night. I hated to do it; but I knew how quickly mother would refer to it, and present it, too, in the worst possible light at the first opportunity; and then I never can tell anything gently. Well, if he can get over that, knowing nothing of extenuating circumstances, sufficiently to wish, to know more of Clare, I will risk the rest—and if he can't he is not worthy of her. And

Clare—of course she will love him! how can she help it! so handsome, so graceful, and withal so good, I wonder I do not love him myself. Well, perhaps I might if I had never seen Herbert Morris; and very gently the name was breathed. "But, dear me, how late it is! I must retire!" as a little clock roused her to the fact that it was nearly morning. And now, thinking we have given the reader enough of Miss Evans's soliloquy to enable him to see how matters stand in the family, we will allow her to rest.

And leaving her to devise how she shall best appease her mother's anger on the morrow—leaving Vandale Horton to his struggle between pride and prejudice, and trying to banish the remembrance of the voice and eyes which haunt him so—leaving Mrs. Evans to muse upon the events, which have aroused such foolishly angry feelings, and to consider how she may best rebuke such conduct—and leaving Clare to wonder if she will express the anger in words which she did in her look—we will bid them all "good night."

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Evans sat alone in her own room, attired in a comfortable morning dress, and reclining indolently in a luxurious yielding chair. Her late, delicate breakfast had been served for her there, for she was not disposed to make much exertion, after the fatigue of the evening before. Beside she has a task before her which it is to be feared may prove arduous, for she intends to convince Henrietta of the impropriety of her doings last evening, and make her see things in their "proper light," in regard to her conduct before the "popular world." So she requested her servant girl to tell Miss Henrietta that, she wished to see her as soon as convenient, and in her room. And now she is taking her ease, and awaiting her daughter's coming. She is a fair, proud woman, who looks as though she had little sympathy with the "gentle passion," which, to youth, clothes life with new beauty, and throws over all things the lovely rose-tint which makes earth enchanting to them.

But Madeline Evans was Madeline Danforth once; and then, untouched by pride, unfettered by wealth, only a country farmer's daughter, she had thought her own plain, comfortable home the brightest spot on earth, and the presence of one who loved her truly, all of happiness to her.

But we commenced to write of Clare Devine. Mrs. Evans's history must remain unwritten; only that the gay, handsome young sailor was discarded for plain John Evans, who had wealth, though not so much as she had supposed when she gave him her hand without a heart. But he was a kind, indulgent husband. He had been fond and proud of the dark-eyed maiden, who still showed him little affection; and he had labored incessantly to supply her with everything her pride demanded. He had added yearly to his property, and still he toiled on, for it was costly living in the style that pleased Madeline, and it would never do for her to have a want supplied. When the season is further advanced, and the heat of the city becomes uncomfortable and wearisome, she will pack her trunks with everything her pride requires, and away at some delightful watering-place, find ease and comfort. But John Evans will toil on, and if he should take a brief respite from business duties, he will hardly enjoy rest, for his mind will continually wander back to that which absorbs his life. Perhaps he sometimes thinks that he made the "great mistake," which many another has made; but he is silent and uncomplaining, and if he does not murmur, we will not for him.

But here Miss Evans has entered the room, and, quietly seating herself, awaits what her mother has to say, and from their conversation we may learn something of Mrs. Evans's ideas of propriety, and also the wide difference of opinion between mother and daughter.

"Henrietta," she commenced, "I have sent for you to learn something of last night's occurrence, which, as you must be aware, displeased me very much, for I cannot think—hold as she is—that Miss Devine would have entered the parlor in that manner without some encouragement, which of course no one but you would give."

"Well, mamma, so she did; not only encouragement, but special invitation—more, persuasion, on my part; and I assure you she was very unwilling at first to do so. But, since I did persuade her, I hope you will consider that I am most to blame."

"Henrietta Evans! what will you do next? Of what avail are all my efforts to educate you for society if you persist in such unaccountable, willful fancies? Think how the affair will be discussed by our guests! and what do you suppose they thought of it? And why, if you please, were you so anxious that she should make her appearance there and attract attention by playing that organ?"

"My dear mamma," said the daughter pleasantly, for she meant, if possible, to soften her mother's anger toward Clare, "I cannot view the affair so seriously as you do. I did not really think it would attract much attention, and it would not if the music had not been unusually brilliant. And I did wish papa to hear her play; you know he is very fond of such music, though he can seldom hear it; and Miss Devine certainly has rare talent. Though she occupies the position of seamstress it was not always so; and there is not one in your 'circle' more thoroughly accomplished, more refined, or more naturally a lady."

Her mother's lip curled slightly as she said:

"You are very enthusiastic, Henrietta, over a low person of whom you know but little. We do know that her father died the miserable, disgraceful death of a suicide, prompted to it, no doubt, by his own misdeeds. And if she has received a musical education, we do not know how it was acquired. If her father had been very wealthy, and expended so much for her, it is hardly likely that she would have been left solely dependent upon herself for a living. I think it very im-

probable that she or her connections were even reputable, to say nothing of belonging to "good society"; and, if they did, what place can the poverty-stricken daughter of a suicide expect to take? And she ought to have sense enough to know she was out of her proper place in a select and fashionable gathering—although I must severely condemn your own course."

Henrietta was thoroughly aroused now, and she replied earnestly, "I do not doubt one word of her past, which she has told me. And I do not believe there was one present who thought her out of place, or would tell her her history. Then, of course, 'society' would frown on her. But I do not consider poverty a crime, or misfortune a disgrace; and I should think the poor girl had suffered enough to receive a little sympathy instead of condemnation for what she could not help. Clara is noble and good as she is lovely and gifted, and she does not deserve your scorn. If, mamma, she continued in a more subdued tone, "you would only lay aside your prejudice, this once, and know Clara as she is, you would see that she is a person of superior talents and strength of mind."

"But, my daughter, society will not recognize her, and 'people are known by the company they keep.' But," she continued, still clinging to her own idea, "since you consider her so charming, perhaps some one else might be allured by her wonderful powers. How would you like if she captivated Mr. Horton, if one could think of her stooping so low? I believe I saw him standing near the organ last evening, and I have no doubt she is as designing as she is bold."

"And I believe she is neither one nor the other," replied Henrietta; "and, as far as I am concerned, Mr. Horton is welcome to choose whom he likes. I am sure Clara is worthy of him."

"Henrietta Evans!" exclaimed her mother, completely astounded. "Have your senses taken leave of you? I am sure you cannot know of what you are talking. I think Miss Devine must have exercised some strange power over you, and the sooner she leaves this house the better; though I had thought some of letting her stay, and teaching her a few lessons which I think she greatly needs. But what can you be thinking of, Henrietta? Do you not know that it has always been my wish, and also the wish of his own parents, that you should marry Vandale Horton? Then think of his wealth, his position in society, beside his personal attractions. There are few young men so desirable."

"But, mamma, if he does not ask me to marry him, I hope it is not expected that I am to ask him."

"What an absurd idea! Of course he does not consider there is need of haste in asking, since it is so well understood by all parties that you are to marry. You observe that he never directs his attentions to any one but yourself. But as to Miss Devine, if you cannot cease this unnecessary familiarity, and allow me to assist her in understanding her position, why, then I must dispense with her services as seamstress, which services are really valuable on account of her neatness."

"I think you would hardly find another so competent, mamma. And, if you would allow such a proceeding, with my promise to be very guarded in my manner, she can teach me a beautiful piece of music, which I have long been anxious to learn."

Henrietta saw now that her only chance for success with her mother, was in practicing a little deception, which, under the circumstances, seemed innocent; so she resolved to change her tactics, fearing she had already said too much. And seeing her mother interested about the music she described as surpassingly brilliant, she pursued that theme for a while. And Mrs. Evans, though she cared little for music, yet knew from the remarks she had heard, that Clara was an unusually fine performer; and if she would be any advantage to Henrietta in that respect, she would rather wish to retain her; besides, she was skillful with her needle. And, after more conversation, which to record would be wearisome, she decided that Clara should remain awhile longer. And in the meantime she would have it distinctly understood that she was to "keep her place"; and if she gave Henrietta any instructions, it must be when they were not liable to callers, and especially Mr. Vandale Horton, although of course he would never notice a seamstress.

And Henrietta, glad in her heart that the worst was over, escaped to her own room resolved to see Vandale that evening before her mother did; and also to coax Clara not to mind if her mother did say some foolish things, but to stay for her sake, for she knew that Clara, though very calm and self-reliant, was by no means spiritless, and would never bear insulting language.

But Mrs. Evans had very graciously, she thought, concluded to say but little to Clara, only politely giving her to understand that she was rather surprised at her proceeding, and should not like a repetition; and now feeling that she had done her duty, she trusted that Henrietta would be more careful in future about "intruding her strange fancies."

Late in the afternoon of the same day, Vandale Horton called, and was shown into the parlor, where Miss Henrietta sat alone, and apparently busy with her embroidery. She read in his countenance something of his feelings, as he took a seat near her. She saw that he was interested, and anxious to know more of Clara; but whether his interest would overcome his pride sufficiently to seek a further acquaintance, she could not settle in her own mind.

"I am glad you came early, Mr. Horton," she said, after a few remarks on various topics, "for I wish to redeem my promise, which I should hardly be able to do later, when mamma will probably be present. For you must be well aware of her prejudice and pride of position."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Horton, smiling. "And I must confess to not being entirely free from it myself, owing, I believe, to my early education. But experience with the world has taught me that all are not to be respected who ride in splendor; nor are they all to be despised who occupy, or perhaps have been forced to occupy the lower walks of life. I have been for some time trying to distinguish, and to honor only those who are worthy, be they where they may. But you were to tell me of Miss Devine. Why she should take that singular step? I thought she had no desire to attract attention, for she seemed lost to everything save the delightful music she awoke."

Miss Evans then proceeded to tell him all of Clara she knew, and the reason of her coming into the parlor. And so minutely she described all her own argument and coaxing to induce Clara to comply with her request, and if there was any one to be blamed, wishing it to be herself, that when she had finished the gentleman looked intently at her, with a curious expression on his countenance.

"And why, if I may presume to ask, did you so wish her to appear in the parlor last night?"

Spite of all her efforts, Henrietta Evans knew that the hot blood mounted to her face, and that she betrayed a little agitation at the point-blank question; but she soon replied, "Well, I did

want father to hear her play. He never had, and he so loves the music of the organ. And among so many, I thought she could play to a few gathered about her, without attracting everybody's attention. I did not reflect that being such a rare performer, all would notice her, as it seems they did. No; you may be sure, Mr. Horton, that Clara had no wish to be seen or noticed. Trouble has made her reserved. She is proud and sensitive, but has great power of will, and will endure her suffering alone. For she does suffer, knowing exactly how people regard her now, and for no fault of her own, only because misfortune came upon her family."

"At least, my dear Miss Evans, I am glad to see she has so warm a friend and firm an advocate in you. I wish more of our fashionable world were as true and fearless of speech; and not afraid to talk common sense, (if they possess it,) in public. But the world has strange ideas."

"Indeed they have. If Miss Devine had appeared as somebody's mistress, how quickly she would have been surrounded by those eager to gain her favor, even did she not possess half the attractions which she does."

"You seem to be her firm friend," said Mr. Horton, smiling.

"Because I am satisfied that she is worthy. And though I do sometimes distrust my dear mother's ideas of propriety, I must choose my friends where I like; and, knowing what I do of Clara Devine, I have become strongly attached to her, and nothing would gratify me more than to see her take her rightful place in society."

Again that half-puzzled expression rested on Mr. Horton's face, as he looked thoughtfully at the young girl beside him. He knew very well that it was the wish of both families, and generally understood by all their friends, that at some period, which they were to arrange themselves, these two young people would marry.

But, as often happens in such cases, neither appeared to care for the other, beyond the limit of common friendship. They had been so long acquainted, and so much in each other's society, that they seemed most like brother and sister.

But Mr. Horton, while he knew that he did not love Henrietta Evans as he could love, had thought, for some time, that she would not die broken hearted if he never proposed. And of late he had suspected that some one else might have found that favor in her eyes which he could not.

Now his suspicions were strengthened. He knew she was generous and kind-hearted, but he could not believe she would make such an effort to bring together two persons whom, she thought, might be mutually attracted, unless she felt that it would, in some way, affect herself. For who among us is so good as to be free from the tincture of selfishness? Besides, he thought he knew what gentleman had interested this determined young lady; and with this in view, after a few moments had passed in silence, he suddenly asked, "By-the-way, do you know where that young man who was staying at Mr. Arden's, has gone? Morris, I think was his name. I rather liked him, though I only met him a few times."

Mr. Horton was satisfied now, for the rich color flooded her face in an instant; and her hands trembled visibly, as she tried to appear busy with her work, and to answer indifferently, "I believe—I think Nellie Arden said he had gone to New York to stop with his uncle and pursue his studies."

"But who is he? Has he no parents, that he lives with his uncle? I believe I have been told he is studying for the bar."

Henrietta replied, in a low tone, "His mother is living; but his uncle is wealthy, and made him a liberal offer"—she stopped suddenly, as if she were saying too much.

And Vandale Horton hesitated only a moment, then, taking her hand, which no longer tried to guide the needle, he said, seriously, "Etta, dear, from this time let me be your brother, for I am convinced that only as such you care for me. You will be like a dear sister to me; and if in any manner I can aid you, or any one dear to you, remember it will be happiness for me to do so."

Tears were in Henrietta's bright eyes, as she raised them to his face. "Oh, Vandale! you are good and generous! I could not ask for a better or more noble brother; and it does not pain you that I can only love you as a sister?"

"Not in the least," was the smiling reply. "I can even now anticipate the pleasure I shall enjoy visiting you some future day in your own home."

Then he learned more of Herbert Morris. His father was dead; his mother was very poor; and he had struggled hard to obtain an education. "But," said Miss Evans, with a little look of defiance, "he is not ashamed to own it; and for that I honor him."

After that the conversation continued, until interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Evans. But we have not time to record it here, only will say that they came to a good understanding, and promised to be friends to each other; and that we think there is a surprise in store for Mamma Evans.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MYSTIC LINK.

BY MILLIE C. FORTNEY.

Like a stream among the heather,

Tangling life and love together,

Our two childhoods ran;

Loving ever so sincerely,

But not knowing quite how dearly

'Till he grew a man.

Then there came a fearful shadow

Over wood and over meadow;

For Death's angel came,

Opening wide the flowery portal

Leading unto life immortal,

Calling my love's name.

Then I wept, and said, "My dearest,

Is there naught in death thou fearest?

"'T is so strange and dark,

When thou'rt passed beyond our knowing,

To the realm where thou art going,

In that sad hour."

"Dear," he answered, smiling gladly,

"Do not speak and look so sadly,

Only hear, and think

I shall still be ever near thee,

Still have power to love and cheer thee,

Do not break the link!"

Then he went, and all my sadness

Changed at once to joy and gladness:

For I clasp his hand,

And I know that he will guide me,

And will ever walk beside me,

To the Summer-land.

If I keep my faith unchanging,

Keep my wayward heart from ranging

O'er temptation's brink,

Knowing that he loves me only,

I will never more feel lonely,

Never break the link.

Men who are continually troubling themselves about the effect of what they say or do, are like boys who shout to hear the echo of their own voice.

Original Essay.

"IS IT THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE?"

BY DYER D. LUM.

What are forces? Are they the real and underlying verities which in their correlated form constitute the world of cause and effect, or are they mere names representing no thing, and forms inseparable?

What has science established in regard to force? First, that all forces are but modes of motion and mutually correlative. It has also demonstrated the existence of an ether filling or permeating all space. Heat, for instance, was found to be but motion communicated in this ether or in the atoms of matter, and that this motion was susceptible of transformation into other effects; in other words, the form of motion now known as heat was capable of transformation into that mode of motion known as light or electricity. Here was a discovery equaling in importance that of the laws of gravity by Newton, and offering us the grandest generalization of the century.

Science is leading us back to the doctrine of Descartes, that all phenomena are reducible to matter and motion. The metaphysical conception of different kinds of matter is now obsolete, as well as the equally metaphysical idea of light, or magnetism, or electricity, consisting in some mysterious "fluid." We retain the term, but use it, however, under protest.

All matter is resolved into molecules, and these molecules are aggregates of ethereal atoms. Electricity cannot be transmitted through a vacuum of a quarter of an inch even. Consequently its propagation is affected by peculiar motions of molecules, which, being rapidly transmitted from molecule to molecule in the conducting body, form that which we call electricity.

An able writer has so tersely set forth this conception of the molecular construction of bodies that I gladly avail myself of his expression:

"Our only conception of bodies is that of atoms moving close together. In the infinitely minute we have the molecules revolving around each other, interlaced with ethereal movements, forming what we call cohesion or chemical affinities; in the infinitely great we have the same laws of motion illustrated in the revolution of suns, and the rotation of planets around them. Throughout the whole of this system of varied aggregates we have the same laws of harmonious and rhythmic motion. One definite motion bears the name of heat, another of light, a third of electricity; but wherever a successful analysis is made, the last fact disclosed are atoms and their related movements."

The ethereal vibrations known to us as light will serve to more clearly bring out our object. Light being merely a form of motion, consists in a series of undulations in this all-pervading ethereal medium; now color depends entirely on the length of these light-waves. When light is made to pass through a prism there occurs a band of colors like a section of the rainbow, always in this order: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. These colors give us the relative length of the undulations. The longest waves produce the sensation known as red light; the shortest, violet. But at each end of the spectrum there are waves which produce no sense of light. The spectrum has been analyzed into three descriptions of rays—light, heat and chemical rays. These waves longer than the red ones are invisible to our visual organs, and are only manifest as heat; those shorter than the violet produce chemical effects, and are likewise invisible.

Consequently the laws of force show us that our physical organization is fitted for only a partial perception of the modes of force. A very slight difference in the construction of the eye would reveal to us new forms of beauty around us to which our eyes are now closed and we unable to realize. So of sound; we can only hear sounds of a certain pitch; above or below a certain degree, and our ears are as dull as if filled with melted wax. What the nature of these sensations would be it is useless to speculate upon; we merely desire to show that force exists in many ways unappreciable to our physical senses. Recognizing that science is not a mere classification of facts, but an explanation of the essential laws on which such facts are based, Prof. W. D. Gunning has given us a small pamphlet (from the press of William White & Co.), the title of which I have assumed for this article, in which he endeavors to show that the manifestations of force known as "spiritual phenomena," are susceptible of a rigid scientific examination.

The Professor's work is unfortunately so short that he is unable to more than briefly, though most succinctly, outline the relations of the phenomena from the platform of the sciences. He cites, in illustration, the case of a gentleman in an audience controlling the mind of the medium speaking so as to mentally dictate every word spoken from the platform. Dr. Brittan has given a number of well-attested instances of mind influencing mind at a distance of miles.

"And thoughts, like sunbeams, penetrate the world; And go where they are sent; thus mind meets mind, Though mountains rise and oceans roll between."

How is this effected? And right here the doctrine of force aids us to a rational explanation. Force is communicated by vibrations or waves. Physical force by waves in matter, as sound by vibrations in the atmosphere; light by waves transmitted through the ethereal medium filling all space. Will-power is recognized by physiologists as one of the highest manifestations of force. From the purely physical forces are evolved the chemical; from these the vital; and eventually the mental, for mental force exists in animals as well as in man. From the lowest to the highest, there is a well-marked series of correlative processes by which each higher force is evolved.

Now in hallucination

"The soul—

Wrapt in strange visions of the unreal—

Paints the illusive form,"

because the mental force acts with sufficient power to impress the eye through the brain, for, as Dr. Brittan says, "When the electric forces of the brain are deranged, and especially when they are greatly intensified in their action, from whatever cause, the ideal images become so vivid that they may be duplicated by reflection, and thus be made to assume every appearance of outstanding forms of the objective creation."

In psychological experiments we have the mind of one person controlling the mind of another, and consciously producing these ideal images to appear as objective. Here is the transmission of mental force. How can this be?

Prof. Gunning says of the case cited by him and referred to above, "Now, something must have passed from the doctor's mind into the brain of the medium. There was no speech, no gesture, no visible sign; and yet the thoughts matured in one brain were passing, by a subtle chemistry, into the brain of another. I think they were carried there on waves of nerve-fluid, or 'odyle,' as thoughts are carried on waves of electricity; and I think they were uttered from the woman's lips as they were shaped in the doctor's brain, because each odyle wave, falling into her brain, produced the same motions as those in which it was

generated." This is mind acting on mind while both in the body.

Now, admitting the continued existence of mind outside of the body, how can it affect mind still in the body? We have seen that the force transmitted is entirely mental—the force of will from mind to mind ignoring all physical restrictions and barriers, and passing direct from brain to brain, and causing the impression to appear as objective. Let us again quote from Prof. Gunning:

"Rays of light flowing from an object into the eye shake the optic lobes of the brain, and we see—not the object, but a representation of it. Now, if any other force could affect the optic lobes of my brain as light affects them, I would see, though in utter darkness; and if any other force could shake the auditory centres as sound shakes them, I would hear, although in the silence of an Arctic night; and if my brain be quiescent, any other mind could induce in it those motions which the thought of the mind as if they were my own—would be mesmerized."

To look at the physical senses only, what a marked difference we discern in their relative power in individuals! What one can see, to another is blank; what to one is really annoying, from its shrillness of tone, is unheard by his fellow. So of the other senses. Have we not abundant instances of this being also the case with those faculties through which alone these higher manifestations of force can be effected? Not only is but a page or two of Nature open to our sensorial perceptions, but it does not lay in our power to all read even these alike. Let us, at least, be cautious, before we conclude that our horizon is the limit of all truth, beyond which no other eye can penetrate.

The importance of Prof. Gunning's work in attempting to subject these phenomena to scientific formulae, must be my excuse for the length of this article. I have attempted no criticism of the pamphlet. What I have here endeavored to show, as probable or possible, he has most convincingly proven to be inevitable.

To every one still in doubt about accepting these phenomena as coming from the source asserted, we unhesitatingly commend this book.

We have only looked at it here from the scientific side. From the spiritualistic standpoint objections will arise to some of the conclusions arrived at by the Professor. The bearings of these conclusions on the various phases of mediumship I would be glad to consider in another article, if the editor thinks that he can grant me the space for its consideration.

Free Thought.

SPIRITUALISM AND FREE LOVE.

Many Spiritualists are still afflicted with the weakness of desiring to stand well in the estimation of their opponents and traducers. A weakness which often gets the better of their judgment and reason, as is frequently shown in their anxiety to disclaim all connection with any unpopular doctrine which may tarnish their reputation, and subject it to popular odium. And also in the circular warnings of some speakers and writers, to their brethren, against giving any sanction or "God speed" to those lecturers or others who hold that most unpopular of all doctrines—"Free Love."

The great body of Spiritualists have hardly as yet read more than the titles to some opening chapters of its grand revelations, and know comparatively nothing of its far and wide-reaching influences upon existing customs, notions, and institutions, and so are constantly striving to put the new wine of its sublime truths into the "old bottles" of past ages and traditions. But these bottles, venerable as they are with the dust and mould and must of those ages, can never hold this new wine. Its fermenting life and power would burst, and is bursting, as soon as it enters them. They have served their turn, and must be cast aside with it. "The new corn cannot put on the last year's husk."

Do our Spiritualistic friends suppose that they can cast off the religious creeds and dogmas of the past, and still cling to the foul and vermin-infested garments in which these old creeds and dogmas have clothed themselves, and in which they must die? How will they look in these old grave clothes? The existing political, religious, and social institutions are the outgrowth, and are part and parcel of existing theological doctrines, and must stand or fall with them; and altogether are only "filthy rags." If Spiritualism means anything more than to start up a new sect, of which we have enough already, it means the abolition of all sects, and with them every institution which is not in harmony with its grand and beneficent mission, and will in due time work great changes, and even revolutions in our social conditions and relations. But we are in God's universe, and under his divine order, and so have nothing to fear. And he who feels and knows this, can truly say:

"My soul is not a palace of the past, where worn-out creeds Like Rome's gray Senate quake, hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse."

Which shakes old systems with a thunder fit."

Then why stand in awe of those

"Who worship the dead corpse of old King Custom"

When it doth lie in state within the church?"

when God and the universe are around and within us?

John "saw a new heaven and a new earth. For the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea." A "new heaven." New ideas of God, his character and relations, and of our kinship with his infinite loving father and motherhood, of the spiritual world and of our nearness and communion with it. A "new earth." A divine social order here, adapted to the newly-revealed truth from on high. "No more sea." No more tossing to and fro with unrest, conflict, and warfare, or fear, for "perfect love casteth out fear." "Old things shall pass away, and all things become new." Such has been the everlasting yearning and prophecy of the human soul. And if this prophecy is fulfilled in one soul, that soul has realized the "new heaven and the new earth." "Old things have passed away, and fear is cast out."

If Spiritualists are going to disclaim any new and unpopular doctrine, they may be called upon, first of all, to disclaim their own. Let us not be in a hurry. We profess to be immortal and eternal, and "in his eternity, surely there's time enough." Why then shrink from a little temporary odium, the carrying of which may strengthen us wonderfully? The broad sea of infinite inquiry is before us; we are just passing from the border of the old, into that of the new. And great multitudes

"Linger, shivering on the brink,

And fear to launch away."

But as the doctrine of Free Love is the most fearful of all the "swelling floods" which threaten to overwhelm us, and sweep away some of our old and cherished "landmarks," let us see what there is in it to be afraid of, and let us not be deceived with names. For

"If it skulk behind the shelter of some fair seeming name,"

And so men have attempted to father some very great abominations upon "Free Love."

This doctrine, so far as I can learn, had its origin with Christianity. Jesus was its founder; and John, the beloved, was its chief apostle and exponent; and Paul gave it his sanction and support. This may not commend it to some.

The first says: "Ye shall know the truth; and the truth shall make you free." "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Here is the conjunction of freedom and love—or free love—in the truth, and the truth only. And John says: "God is love; and he that loveth, dwelleth in God, and God in him." "Every one that loveth is born of God." Hence Free Love results from the conjunction of God and truth in the soul, and is the only condition of life which can purify, exalt, and emancipate us from every evil; and Paul exhorts all those who have entered into this life to "greet" and "salute one another with an holy kiss," a form of salutation which in these times would be looked upon as unchaste, to say the least.

If there is anything which is offensive to lust, or self-love, it is that state of the affections which brings us into the innocent and trusting freedom of Love. It is a high attainment; the very innocence and freedom of which vexes and chagrins lust, and makes it envious and zealous, and sets it to ranting and charging its own misdeeds upon a state of mind and heart to which it has not attained, and so cannot understand.

The highest inspirations of modern Spiritualism have their source in the same infinite fountain of life and light from which Jesus and John drew theirs, and so must tend in the same direction; and whosoever lives and walks in the light of that inspiration will be saved from all wrong doing, for the conjunction of the highest and divinest principles in the lives of men and women never leads them into riot or disorder. Lust, or self-love alone, does that. Is it not a shameful abuse, not only of language, but of truth itself, to charge the sins and disorders in the sexual relations upon free love? These disorders have existed from the beginning, and will exist so long as selfishness or lust rules the human heart. Love is their only remedy. When we have learned to distinguish fully between love and lust, we shall drop the prefix—"free."

That the incoming supremacy of higher principles of life will necessarily break up the existing marriage institutions, with its legal bonds, fetters, limitations, and the subordination of woman, is not only admitted, but ardently hoped for; and then the re-adjustment of these relations upon the basis of a free, spontaneous, and reciprocal attraction.

All the low newspapers, and low and sensual souls, are clamoring against a truth of which they know nothing but the name; and this ignorant, sensual and senseless clamor frightens timid, half-way reformers, and they sometimes infect with their contagious fear those of stronger nerve and clearer vision, until the whole body is in the condition of an army seized with a panic. The McFarland-Richardson tragedy gave a tremendous impulse to this fear, which swept over the whole country, and caused some of our prominent generals to sway with its terrors and come out with disclaimers, in one of which it was attempted to shake the odium of free love from the skirts of Spiritualism and to fasten it upon Orthodoxy in the person of Henry Ward Beecher. But I trust that this was only a temporary lurch of our good Banner, caused by this extraordinary swell of popular passion, and that our old flag will continue to be borne aloft unmoved and unswayed by any wave of popular excitement.

The worst work in which reformers and progressives can be engaged, and that which pays the poorest, is that of trying to make their cause respectable and popular with their opponents. Their only business is to speak and live the highest truth; and this truth and life will be sure in due time to vindicate themselves.

As I do not wish to burden any one else with the responsibility of any opinions contained in this article, I hope all critics will free the Banner of Light of all the odium which may attach to their publication, and place the whole where they belong—upon.

LOREN MOODY.

WILL SPIRITUALISM DO TO DIE BY?

We hear it often asserted that "Spiritualism, like all other forms of infidelity," will do very well to live by, but will not sustain the soul in the hour of mortal dissolution. In reply to this, I am most happy to relate the following, of the departure of the beautiful spirit of Mary Arabella Rhodes, daughter of Dr. J. H. Rhodes, of this city, aged twenty-two, at one o'clock on the morning of the 17th inst., to join the still living and loving mother and sisters in the "home of the blest." Being selected by herself to attend her funeral, the writer was sent for to come to her bedside, where he found the once beautiful form, though wasted by consumption, that had, for months, been silently but surely doing its work, still encasing a spirit-occupant strong and buoyant—not with faith—but knowledge, absolute knowledge glorifying its future, upon which it was about to enter. The injunction that fell from her feeble lips was, "tell the people I did not die, I only went to the loved embrace of the dear mother and sisters who were awaiting me on the other side. Tell them I was not afraid to die, I was only glad I could." I was not really a Spiritualist till lately. I did not really know it was true. Now I am fully one, and know it is true. I can't help knowing it. My dear blessed mother and sister come to me so frequently, and talk so sweetly and tell me they are only waiting for me, and I see them so plainly, and hear them talk so lovingly to me, that I know Spiritualism is true. I want none of the consolations of the church; that is only faith, this is knowledge. Tell them I love everybody, and that I know I shall be happy when I get there. Tell them all to be good and they will be happy."

Then singing the hymn, so touchingly appropriate to the weary spirit, "There is rest in heaven," her work seemed done, and she only waited calmly, serenely, at the "golden gate," till, noiselessly swinging on its hinges of light, the sweet spirit glided silently in to its reward and its rest. The once rounded face was now a pale, thin, and fair lineaments as they settled to their last repose, retained the beautiful smile the departing spirit had imprinted thereon—its triumphant strain molded in silent clay. And then they were flowers in her curling hair, laid them beside her pallid cheek, placed them in the pallid hand and strove them over the withering form, and placed a wreath, pure and white, upon the narrow tament, and their odors exhaled, like the spirit that had fled, and filled all the room and the vault where they laid the empty casket—an offering to the angels that waited around—and their mute accents were but a re-echo of the sentiment of the blooming spirit in its last moments of earth, when the soul is honest and sincere with itself—"though dust claim the mortal body, the spirit eludes the grasp of the king of terrors." Believe it, ye who read, faith may do to live by, but a knowledge and a view of the soul's hereafter will alone do to die by.

Oh mother, you will come, dear,
When a few more years are o'er,
And guide my weary footsteps
To that bright and peaceful shore
Where life will bloom forever,
With no darkness on the soul,
And death no hearts can sever
While ages onward roll.

Maine.
CORNVILLE.—Samuel Woodman writes: It gives me pleasure to announce that the interest in the glorious cause of Spiritualism has been gradually increasing in this vicinity for the last year and a half. Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Newport, Me., first came to our town in December, 1893. Since that time she has been engaged to speak about one-fourth of the time, with the exception of some of the most inclement winter months of the past season. At our last

Wisconsin.
OMRO.—Wm. E. Mills writes: We always feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to assist every true medium whenever opportunity offers. We would say that L. H. Priest, of E. H. In, Wis., bids fair to become one of our best mediums, healing the sick, giving psychometric readings, and lecturing, when called upon to do so. He intends to visit the Pacific coast the first of August next.

ordered him to inspire Psyche with a passion for some vile and abject wretch. The goddess then departed, after having conducted her son to the city where Psyche dwelt, and left him to execute her mandate. Meantime Psyche, though adorned by all, was sought as a wife by none. Her sistersetters who were far inferior to her in charms, were married, but she remained single, hating the beauty which all others admired. Her father consulted the oracle of Apollo, and was ordered to expose her on a rock, whence she would be carried away by a monster. He obeyed, and Psyche amid the tears of the people, was placed on a lofty crag. Here, while she sat weeping, a zephyr, she

about your well-saturated mind and development of your spiritual faculties. The main motto which you must have before you is: "Be ye perfect in love, and ye shall love one another as I have loved you." This is the only motto which will enable you to understand how we progress in spirit-life.

The most striking development, or change, noticeable in the intellectual department; or, rather, than the marked change in the form of the character, we remain much as when in earth-life.

So be not frightened if the *very* wise ones should tell thee that this is "Napoleon's law" is none other than "Love" in the true tenor of your Father's Word. This will recognize it as truth when they are developed up to the proper standpoint.

We can produce through your hand much more than we cannot through any other medium. Your piety and spirituality allow us to control your mind as to will. Mr. West says "you stand A. Now as to giving. Mr. West says of those recent

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"Can Science Help Us?"

This question is very pertinently raised by Prof. J. H. W. Tooley, in a recent communication to the *American Spiritualist*, for the purpose of eliciting discussion upon as well as indicating his own conviction of the necessity for "more science and less assumption in things spiritual." To illustrate the unscientific character of the prevailing habits of thought, and to show what issues science must take with popular assumption, he cites three notable instances of accredited spiritual phenomena, as follows:

"From an editorial in a late issue of the *Banner*, it appears that some one has been abusing the good name and mediocrity reputation of Mrs. Conant, the medium of the *Banner* Circle. The accusation is obviously if not criminally personal, attaching, as it does, 'intentional fraud' to the weekly communications appearing in the 'Message Department' of that paper. This is the issue, to correct which, and get such piece of mind as a suffering, sensitive woman can under such circumstances, Mrs. Conant writes a letter to her spirit-friends, asking information.

The medium was Mr. Mansfield, well known to fame for his ability to answer sealed letters. He received Mrs. Conant's letter in *envelope*, and otherwise cut off from personal inspection. Is this submitted to the spirits as an answer, by them, Theodore Parker and John Pierpont being of the communicating party.

The answer is encouraging, cheering and hopeful, endorsing the mediocrity usefulness of Mrs. Conant, past and present. And here, seemingly, the matter *must* end; but just here science raises an issue, not personal, but spiritual; and that, too, after accepting the good faith of all concerned. The issue is, how to determine between the peculiarities of the medium and the independent but communicating intelligence.

This is an open question in many cases, and has often been debated in connection with the extent and reliability of Mr. M.'s mediumship, the issue shaping itself according to the accepted knowledge of the phenomena. And to make the matter more perplexing, the wonders of *abnormalism*, from clairvoyance to 'mind reading,' compel recognition; one wonder displacing another. Independent and sympathetic clairvoyance, with sensitive and impressionable conditions of body and mind, being what is common to mediums, who are called mediums, for want of more accurate and reliable knowledge, mislead the mind, fusing and confusing the phenomena. Even the case of A. J. Davis, after 'fifteen years' intercourse with the Spiritualists of America, is far from being understood—Mr. Davis being authority. Indeed, he is represented in *The American Spiritualist*, of April 18th, as saying 'the entire talk and the whole of the spiritualistic fraternity have been in error' regarding his supposed mediumship. The distinction made for and by Mr. Davis, when his case is contrasted with others, is, that he (conditions being equal to it) goes into the 'superior state,' and comes in *support* with the sphere of intelligence. Have he 'impressed' the difference between 'the superior state' and 'mediumship or trance mediumship,' has yet to be scientifically explained. Lacking this, we are walking by 'faith' and not by knowledge, very much after the fashion of the ancient Spiritualists—taking guesses at truth for the truth itself—to say nothing about the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

With the purpose and scope of Prof. Tooley's criticism we entirely concur. In furtherance of the scientific study of Spiritualism we have devoted nearly one page of every issue of the *Banner* to our *Message Department*, that "the peculiarities of the medium and the independent but communicating intelligences" might be observed and contrasted, to the end of identifying the authors of the messages. We have also opened our Circle Room freely to the public, that investigators might study more closely the remarkable phenomenon of spirit control as manifested through Mrs. Conant. We have published in the successive volumes of the *Banner*, carefully narrated accounts of a greater number and larger variety of spiritual manifestations than can be found elsewhere compiled. And in addition to the more clearly defined and undoubted proofs of the immediate presence and activity of disembodied spirits in mundane affairs, we have spread out upon our pages whatever forms of "abnormalism" would seem to aid the scientific thinker in exploring the border land of the material and spiritual worlds. In fact, it has been our purpose and desire "to hold the mirror up" to this whole subject, so that all its manifold phases might be reflected in our columns, and thus afford a basis of rational thought upon "man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny."

It is quite evident that this purpose has not been comprehended by all persons. It is not likely to be by men whose egotism constitutes the lens by which they look upon any subject, and who cannot tolerate any "guesses at truth" that do not square with their own pet notions as to how such subject should be investigated. Such an one appears to be Mr. John Jones, of England, who makes the following allusions in a late number of the *London Spiritualist*:

"America is said to contain several millions of Spiritualists; if so, where are they? What are they doing? They are scattered to the winds; have no cohesion, because the 'wildest theory' men leap on to the platform and bear away. Men of knowledge, of sense, retire and refuse to cooperate. It may be said that American serial literature consists of only one weekly journal, which has a weekly existence, because it has been and is a cesspool of theories." JOHN JONES.

Now we have only to observe, that although the circulation of our paper is by no means as large as it ought to be among these "millions of Spiritualists" in America, yet that the fact of its continued existence at all, when so many other journals nominally devoted to Spiritualism have failed, is due to its comprehensive hospitality not only to all accredited facts, however marvelous and from whatever source, though apparently contrary to established scientific theories, and denounced by "men of knowledge, sense and science" as impossible, and therefore as imposture, but also because we have invited and encouraged those "guesses at truth," by which method only accurate thinking and agreement with facts has been gradually obtained in every department of science. If this constitutes our paper a "cesspool of theories," so be it, for out of this fertilizing element of thought the tree of knowledge shall grow.

We have profound respect for "the growing and almost universal claims of science," and shall continue to facilitate the study of Spiritualism by

scientific methods, so far as in us lies. But we shall not be likely to approve or imitate the very remarkable conduct of some of the great lights among scientific men, by denying at the outset the possible occurrence of the phenomena that were to be investigated. Nearly all the prominent men, in Europe and America, who are considered authorities in the correlated sciences of our time, have virtually denied the possibility of spiritual manifestations—not only their spiritual origin, but the fact of their occurrence at all. It is not strange, therefore, that the "common people," in the absence of "scientific theories" not only, but in the face of the denial that there were any facts to have a scientific theory about, should have essayed their "guesses at truth" concerning what they knew were facts. The *Banner* has been the exponent of the people upon this subject, and will continue to be. Upon a subject concerning which all were ignorant, and yet in which all might be supposed to have an interest, all may rationally have opinions. Scientific knowledge does not differ from ordinary knowledge—scientific thought from ordinary thought—except in the degree of its accuracy. The occurrence of spiritual facts is becoming well high universal—the attention of the masses is being awakened—general thought upon the subject is inevitable. Disciplined minds, accustomed to accurate habits of thought, and familiar with the circle of the sciences, will be likely, if untrammelled by established theories, to lead the host of thinkers toward a solution of what is now mysterious and disorderly. But the one truth is ever the object of search, and it sometimes happens, particularly through the susceptibility to influx of persons unknown to fame and generally untrained, that suggestions are made and lines of relationship discovered by which genius and scholarship are enabled to coordinate phenomena, and discern their laws of order and harmony.

We shall again allude to this subject.

The Indians at Washington.

Red Cloud and his subordinate chief and braves have come on to Washington to see if anything can be done to avert the threatened war on the plains. Red Cloud is the great chief of all the Sioux tribes, and is deservedly looked up to by his people. The fact that such representatives of the Indian tribes beyond the Mississippi are willing to come such a distance to treat directly with the Great Father at the capital, shows that they believe they have a cause that is founded in plain justice, and that they do not want war if it can be prevented by fair means. The stalwart warrior, in response to the circumlocution offered him at Washington on one side and the other, replies but one thing—that he wants food for his people, according to the promise once solemnly made them. Having been driven from their hereditary hunting grounds by the advancing whites, they were placed upon reservations, where there are no buffalo to kill, and appressed with the promise of having a stated amount of supplies furnished them by the Government. The complaint has all along been, that Government has failed to keep its promises; the presence of these chiefs in Washington, bringing the same complaints on their lips, goes to prove the truth of the allegation.

It is to be noticed that, since these red men came on to discuss existing misunderstandings, instead of being in any hurry to uncover what was wrong, to get at the cause of the dissatisfaction, and to give satisfactory assurances that perfect justice should be done, the first and almost the only thing thus far attempted by the agents of the Government has been to impress the Indians with its superior power; in other words, to frighten them. The object seems to have been, to show the Indians what kind of machinery the whites had to kill them with—not the anxious desire to do justice. Among other things, they took Red Cloud and his party down to the Washington Navy Yard, and let off a big cannon that sent a ten-inch shell ricocheting down the river. They looked at the great Indian to see him quail before such a demonstration of the white man's power, but he continued as undisturbed as before. He knew too well what violence could do against his race; he had come to see if there was any force still left in simple justice. A great Government should make more haste, it strikes us, to demonstrate its determination to make wrong right than to prove its power to continue in the wrong at any rate. Thus far in the diplomacy the Indian chieftain has not been made a fool of.

A Quaint Manifestation.

An interesting instance of spirit control occurred as Mr. Morse sat at tea with us on the evening of Thursday week. He had occasion to rise from the table in answer to a call, leaving some bread and butter and a slice of cold meat, and just placed on his plate. When he returned he sat down to finish his meal, but found it impossible to lift his hand to the table; the hand and fingers were quite catatonic, so that he had no control over them. He tried for some time to take hold of his food, but without success; at last he said, "They don't want me to eat that jam," when immediately the stiffness left his arm and he had free use of his hand, which he stretched out to take up the bit of bread, but before he could do so his arm was again paralyzed, which gave him to understand that he had eaten sufficient on that occasion, as he had to deliver an address under spirit-influence the same evening at Clerkenwell. Mr. Morse says he has been repeatedly affected in this way when the spirits see that it is not well for him to do any act.—*The London Medium and Daybreak*.

Similar spirit-control is no new idea to us. Such spirit-manifestations have occurred many times in our presence during the past twelve years. On one occasion, Mrs. Conant being sick, the physician prescribed scullap, but, by mistake of the apothecary, another kind of medicine was sent, which, had the patient taken, would have undoubtedly caused death. When Mrs. C. attempted to take a dose her arm was suddenly straightened by spirit-power. The second time she placed the glass to her lips, when it was forcibly withdrawn. She then remarked, "There is evidently something wrong in regard to this medicine, for my spirit guide will not allow me to take it. Call the doctor." Thus was she saved by spirit-power. On Circle days Mrs. Conant can eat no food except such as her spirit-friends approve of; should she attempt to eat she is forcibly prevented. In attempting to eat an apple on an evening—which was forbidden by her spirit-friends—her hand was instantly controlled, and the apple projected across the room, much to the chagrin and mortification of the medium.

Dr. Gardner's Grand Picnic.

We give place in another column to the full programme of the Picnic arranged by Dr. Gardner to take place at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, June 28th (not Friday, 30th, as previously announced). It will be seen that the Boston and Cambridgeport Children's Lyceums are to attend, and others will no doubt join with them. It now bids fair to be the largest gathering of Spiritualists ever held in this part of the State.

Zoologists predict that in a few years the buffalo of the western plains will be extinct.

The London Telegraph on Dr. Newton.

In our last issue we gave a report of the reception in London of Dr. Newton, also some remarks from an English paper touching the cures performed by him in Liverpool. As is usual where this distinguished healer operates, an intense excitement has arisen, and the old school of medicine, combined with antiquated theologians, endeavor to awaken public indignation by tirades, in private and through the press, in which time-worn arguments, vulgar "Billingsgate" and national prejudices are paraded at will.

That mild and genial publication known as the *Daily Telegraph* (London), of May 23d, favors its readers with a column of "remarks" in which little is to be seen of the spirit of that Christ which it pretends (in common with other credulists) to worship. After referring to the "credulity and superstition" of "confirmed valetudinarians" who, having "spent thousands of pounds in fees, to the best qualified medical men of the day, will frequently make superstitious visits to the merest empirics," it speaks of the *fine state* of affairs in "Southern Catholic countries," where "the clergy take very good care that mountebanks shall not infringe on the prerogative of the saints," and says it is to the United States—

"The favored land of Joe Smith, Father Noyes, and the Poughkeepsie Bear that we owe the presence amongst us of the impudent Yankee who calls himself 'Doctor Newton,' and who has been recently performing feats of irrefragant legerdemain in Newman-street, Oxford-street."

The record of this man's 'hanky-panky' tricks excites a degree of astonishment which almost trenches on admiration, when we regard his gigantic and brazen-faced impudence. The *Colossus of Rhodes* may be considered, morally, as a comparison with the colossal 'brass' of 'Doctor Newton.'

The *Telegraph* thinks that it is "monstrous," "astounding," "half blasphemous and half Bedlamite for a man in the middle of the nineteenth century to strip off his coat and gravely proclaim that he has a mission from the angels in heaven instantaneously to make the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the blind see, to restore straightness to the cripple's limbs and vigor to the muscles of the paralyzed—merely by the imposition of his hands and the pronouncing of a benediction."

The wish being "father to the thought," the *Telegraph* is certain that "Doctor Newton will soon be reckoned among those ephemeral notorious personages who have gone up like a rocket and come down like its stick," and says: "It will be the fault of the press if he should be permitted to carry on the 'miracle' business in a more aristocratic sphere, and under, perchance, more profitable conditions," referring to the locality where the Doctor has been operating as of a low order.

The *Telegraph* is much exercised in spirit regarding the manner of cure, and accordingly groans out:

"Every line of the report of 'Doctor Newton's' last exhibition in Newman-street points to the conclusion that impudence and impudence alone, be it the recklessness of incurable mental hallucination or the cold-blooded shamelessness of the hardened mountebank—forms the man's whole stock-in-trade. His wretched formula, 'In the name of the Father, I say unto thee, Disease, depart!' All right; pass on, and go straight out of the hall, equally suggestive of the 'season of the deplorable thunders' and the slang of the professional showman."

By way of peroration the *Telegraph* proceeds to close by giving the real cause of its dissatisfaction and opposition. It says, candidly:

"We are desirous to prevent 'Doctor Newton's' reappearance in a smaller and more select circle. We should be exceedingly sorry to hear, a few times, for once, that he was doing a lively business by blessing the *beau monde* in Belgravia, or enlivening 'Tyburnian' 'kettledrums' by proposing to drive out diseases from the bodies of the nobility and gentry. The man must be stopped—by public opinion if he is a mere crazy visionary; by Scotland-yard if he is a rogue. We have heard, of recent years, too many Yankee tricks in which there has rarely failed to be a strong infusion of disgusting blasphemy. . . . We know nothing of Newton. He may be perfectly sincere; but his assertions amount simply to the assumption that he is Divinely inspired. And a man who goes about in public making such professions as 'I speak, by the power of the Father, His sincerity, a nuisance, and must be abated.'"

The secular press of the United States, as well as that of England, has for years teemed with just such rhetorical displays, but still the "nuisance" of Spiritualism has not been "abated," and its disciples, amid legal and social persecution, obeying its mandates, still go forth bearing health to the sickening soul, and renewed vigor to the wasted frame, as well. Dr. Newton has nothing to fear from the bigots who surround him, and the cause, as represented by himself and other workers, shall ultimately triumph over all opposition.

The Red Man's Eloquence.

The thoroughbred Indian still understands epigrammatic speech. The traditional eloquence of Logan was not lost with his disappearance from the face of the earth. In his speech to the Secretary of War and Indian Commissioner, the Chief, "Red Cloud," uttered many sentences of a pith and directness that could not be improved upon by much study. Words like these conveyed his meaning to the official listeners: "Look at me! I was raised where the sun rises, and came from where he sets." The whole story of the Indian movement westward is here told in the limits of a single generation. "We have come here," he said, "to know why the promises which have been made to us have not been kept. You are the people who should keep peace." In these and similar sentences, culled from the text of his natural talk, we find the cause of the red man's complaint. He may be guilty of treachery and cruelty, but before we accuse him, let us search ourselves. He complains that the food promised his tribe has been filtered through so many selfish hands, that it is but a wretched pittance when it reaches him. He complains of encroachment and broken promises. We know on our side that his complaints are well founded. In justice, then, out of the Indian's reach?

Grand Industrial Exposition.

Under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade and Ohio Mechanics' Institute of Cincinnati, Ohio, will be commenced in that city, Wednesday, September 21st—to continue till Saturday, October 15th—a grand industrial exposition of manufactures, products and arts, "to which artisans, manufacturers, inventors and all engaged in the production of works of art and ingenuity are invited to contribute," making the occasion "a true index of our nation's progress in the march of civilization."

We have received from the Committee of Arrangements a copy of "Circular," "General Rules and Regulations," &c., but are unable to insert them for want of space.

St. Louis—Removal.

Warren Chase & Co. have removed their bookstore from 827 to 601 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. They have also recently replenished their stock of spiritual and liberal books. Such a store is a great convenience to our Western friends, which we hope they will appreciate by liberal patronage.

Spirit Communication—Verification of Spirit Messages.

We give below, in continuation of our series of articles on the recorded proofs of the reliability of our Message Department, a letter from Julia M. Friend, the well-known clairvoyant, in which she recognizes the identity of three spirits who have manifested at our Free Circle:

MESSES, EDITORS—In your paper of the 28th of Nov., 1868, is a communication from Elisha Fish to his grandson, Charlie. I am well acquainted with the persons mentioned, and have seen and talked with them since the message appeared. They consider it a very excellent proof of the power of spirits to commune with mortals, and are highly pleased and gratified. Several months ago I saw two other messages in the *Banner*, which I recognized—one from George Clark, of Gloucester, Mass., and the other from a young lad named Warren Mears, of Manchester, Mass. The former was a soldier, and was killed in battle. His maternal and his wife, and spoke of other friends and facts, which were remarkable and satisfactory. Warren Mears was one of the finest and most promising boys I ever saw, and beloved by all who knew him. It is a great comfort to his parents and friends to feel that his beautiful life still continues, although in a clear form is no longer visible to the material eye.

Despite all opposition, the glorious truth of spirit-communication is spreading throughout the world, robbing death of its sting and the grave of its victory!

Boston, Mass.

We are in receipt of a private letter from a lady in Wheatland, Cal., a portion of which we publish. As the person here recognized, Heber C. Kimball, was one of the leading lights of the Mormon Church, and passed on in that faith, it is indeed a strong test that he should return answering questions which had been asked in that church (as our correspondent states), and of which, of course, we could not have had the slightest knowledge or conception:

I feel like speaking of a message published in the *Banner* of Dec. 25, 1868, given by the spirit of Heber C. Kimball, one of the head of the Mormon Church. A friend of mine living here, who was a Mormon for many years, and was an intimate friend in his family, but who is now a believer in our beautiful philosophy, wishes me to write that the message is characteristic of Heber C. Kimball, and that he has had many conversations with him eight years since, she recognizes him as the same, and is highly gratified to hear from him, and that he answered questions which she knows were proposed in the church, which is a strong proof of his identity to her.

I am always pleased when I read the verification of spirit-communication for in that department I am highly interested. For myself, I have not received any messages from my spirit friends, but I rejoice with others who do receive intelligence from the other side. And what if my friends do not visit your rooms? I know they still live. I have proof of that; and while others are starving for want of such proof, I can afford to wait. I shall soon see them; they are waiting to welcome me over the river. Take courage, dear *Banner*; wave on; the good time is near at hand.

Yours fraternally, Mrs. E. D. SMITH.

It gives us great pleasure to insert the following bold and earnest acknowledgments of the receipt of messages from the departed. Would that they might inspire others with like fearlessness in the cause of truth:

MESSES, EDITORS—In No. 8 of the *Banner of Light*, May 9th, 1868, is published a communication purporting to come from Nathan Lawrence, of Pepperell. I deem it but an act of justice to state that the first statement made in that communication is true. He said he was called away suddenly. This is also true; he was instantly killed while attempting to cross a railroad track. He was my brother, and I am knowing to these facts.

For the truth, EDMUND LAWRENCE.

East Pepperell, Mass.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Dear Sirs: The communication that came through Mrs. Conant, Dec. 10, 1867, purporting to come from Lenna Flint, of Ipswich, to her parents, we recognize to be from our daughter, who passed on Sept. 28th, and is true in every respect, excepting where she says she has some sisters, instead of one sister; but that might have been the mistake of the reporter. Her name was Lenna. She gave it Lenna, but you got it Lenna [a typographical error]. It seems so natural for her not to give her surname, as we always called her Lenna Flint. It is a great pleasure to know who is the first from old Ipswich to communicate to your Public Circle. We hope she has opened the way for more.

THOMAS T. CHAPMAN, VELINA M. CHAPMAN.

Ipswich, Mass.

The message of the spirit, James Casey, as given in our issue of April 2d, has called out the following response, dated from the field of his earthly deeds and punishment:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have just read a communication in the *Banner of Light*, of the 2d of April, from a spirit named James Casey, who figures in the "James King of Wm." affair, and I am very glad to hear from any person who can verify these messages. I am very happy to inform you that there *was* such a man here of that name, and that he was hung for shooting said "James King of Wm." Perhaps some person else may have informed you of this before; but, in case you have not heard of it, I thought it might do it little good to write to you about it. Respectfully, MRS. H. W. 13th street, between Mission and Valencia sts., San Francisco, Cal., April 16, 1870.

Gone to the Better Land.

A correspondent writing us from Salem, Mass., under date of June 8th, states that Capt. Thomas Hunt, of that city, passed very quietly away on Saturday, May 21st, about one P. M., aged sixty-four years. The health of Mr. Hunt had been somewhat feeble for several months previous, but on the day of his decease he was remarkably bright and cheerful. He had made arrangements to ride out, in the afternoon, and while in the bath-room of his house, alone, he calmly quitted the tenement of clay which had served him so long, to roam over a grander country, and rejoice in the fragrance of those spirit-flowers that grace the home of which he sang so sweetly but a few hours previous to his departure.

The funeral services were performed Tuesday morning, May 24th. A large concourse of people attended, also the Knights Templar and several Lodges of the Masonic Fraternity. Rev. Mr. Thayer (Universalist) officiated. The demise of Capt. Hunt was most appropriately referred to by all the papers of Salem, where he was well known as a good citizen and an honest man.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the occasion, was the fact that Mr. Thayer was called upon and did officiate at the funeral of Mr. Hunt, of Salem, on Tuesday morning, and Mr. Gleason, of Methuen, in the afternoon of the same day—both having been friends, and Mr. Hunt having prophesied some time before that himself and Mr. Gleason would pass away very nearly at the same time.

Capt. Hunt was for many years engaged in the China trade, in which he was very successful. He retired from business several years ago, but some two years since he revisited China, where he remained for nearly a year. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and possessed remarkable powers as a medium for spirit communication.

Charles H. Foster, Test Medium.

This excellent test medium, who has for many years given to the world indubitable evidence of the return of the spirit after the death of its mortal body, is now located at his home in Salem, Mass., where he will give public sittings during the present month.

Fallen Women.

It is significant that this subject, to which we have alluded more of late than usual in these columns, should just now have challenged so intense an interest as is felt in it by the preachers and writers of the day. Both press and pulpit are concerning themselves vigorously at present for the wretched creatures, who, by ignorance and want of reflection, by poverty and lust, have descended to the level where they are become the legitimate prey of an unfeeling law. There was a meeting of the friends of the North-street Mission, in this city, Sunday evening, June 5, to listen to the statements of the condition of this refuge for fallen women in that part of the city, and to see what help could be secured to enable the Mission to go on with its work, and rescue the wretched from the toils in which their feet are set. There were addresses by clergymen from our city pulpits, and by others, all pitched on the key of benevolence and sympathetic effort. Of the numerous things spoken, the remarks of the Rev. Mr. De Witt, of the Central Church, were as pat and pointed as anything reported, and they fully chimed in with the sentiments expressed by ourselves on this same subject.

Speaking of the general sweeping up of the frail night walkers by the Chief-of-Police, the gentleman referred to said that the cure applied was but local and temporary. They would not, he said, have been upon the street at all, if not for the purpose of an unholy traffic; and they could not be regarded as the sole guilty parties, while they were in quest of others who were out to meet and bargain with them. In short, there were two parties to this business; and if it were right to arrest one, it was not less the Chief's duty to arrest the other also. That, however, he would not think of doing; which demonstrates the injustice of our system of laws, and the monstrous wrongs not only suffered, but actually perpetrated by society. True, it would not be so easy a matter to detect the other guilty parties, where the solicitation is done wholly by one. Besides, these men some of them have money and influence, and it will not do to molest them. Yet the sin and the crime are the same, nevertheless. If one side is to be punished, let the other feel the penalty also. Justice is represented to be blind, and to hold her scales evenly balanced.

What the Women are Doing.

While some of the women of England are earnestly engaged in effecting the removal of those disabilities which render them unequal with the other sex before the law and the customs of society, including the right of suffrage and the privilege of practicing in the medical and other professions, there are others who are practically asserting their right to be benefactors to the community in a manner to which no one can object. These ladies, among whom are Miss Nightingale and Miss Selson, are establishing Deaconesses' Institutes, the design of which appears to be twofold—to open up a field for the exertion of ladies who are anxious to devote themselves to a life of active philanthropy, and to provide trained and educated nurses for the sick and poor. Several of these beneficent institutions are in successful operation, under the auspices of which the poor are supplied with qualified nurses. Many women serve in the institution without fee or reward, and numbers go out in certain cases to attend patients at their own homes.

Wonderful "Healing Waters."

Some time ago a company commenced boring a well at Alpina, Thunder Bay, Mich., with the hope of reaching salt water, from which to manufacture salt. About the first of May, when a depth of 700 feet had been reached, up came a stream of mineral water, very strongly impregnated with sulphur, and having all the magnetic properties of the St. Louis well. One account says, "Knives charged therein 'pick up things' with entire carelessness, and something far more 'taking' than kleptomaniacs threaten to absorb the attention of the whole people." H. L. Harrison, Esq., shortly after visited the place, and with his accustomed energy instigated a practical test of the healing properties of the well, and the result is that Mr. E. G. Howard, a well-known citizen, and leader of the Cornet Band, has been completely cured in two days of the worst case of rheumatism ever known there. Others have partaken of the waters and been healed. This discovery has created a great sensation in those parts, and invalids are wending their way thither. Alpina is destined to become a famous watering place.

Inspiring Words.

A friend, whose aged father was near death, received a private letter from A. J. Davis, containing the following inspiring words, which we are sure the author will pardon us for giving to others: "Your father is falling asleep in the gates of eternity. May his dreams of the better life opening upon him, be those of the just and good. If his body yield not too much pain, his withdrawal from this more surface world will be easy and graceful as the breaking of sunlight on the distant mountains. How fitting now, just as buds and blossoms are bursting into fruit, that with them and the opening of spring his prepared and imperishable personality should enter the fabled gardens of the Infinite Mind! And how grand the process! A sleep, a sad silence among men; a song of welcome among well-known and beloved ones, and then a new career! Mother Nature and Father God never err in their harmonious government."

Change of Name.

The Williamsburgh Association desire a change of name, assigning as a reason, that many of the titles given in our free list of meetings cannot be considered strictly correct. They think that all "isms" and "isms" should be repudiated, and that "progressive" as a prefix to the word "Lyceum" is quite inappropriate, as it is also to the word "Spiritualism"—"Spiritualism," or rather the existence of spiritual beings and their intercourse and influence with men, being acknowledged as the foundation fact of the New Dispensation, and progression the inevitable tendency of events. We are not disposed to dispute with our friends in relation to the reasons here assigned, so we print in our free list the altered title they desire, viz., "The Spiritual and Progressive Association of Williamsburgh," &c.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Rev. Rowland Connor will continue to lecture before the Society of Spiritualists, in Salem, Mass., during June. He is liked very much, and large audiences have listened to him.

Mrs. Hardy, trance medium, has removed to 125 West Concord street, Boston, where she will continue to hold circles Sunday evenings.

Mrs. S. A. Jesper has gone to St. John, N. B., where she will remain for some time, lecturing, healing and giving tests. Address care of George F. Orchard, 74 Charlotte street, St. John, N. B.

Silent deeds are better than unprofitable words.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our list of lecturers will be found on the sixth page of this issue. If there are any inaccuracies in the list, we wish to be informed at once, so we can have them corrected.

The Executive Board of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists are to hold a special meeting on Wednesday afternoon, June 15th, at 3 o'clock, at the *Banner of Light* Office, Room 158 Washington street, Boston. Matters of considerable importance are to be acted upon.

We have for sale new and excellent photograph likenesses—cabinet size, 4 by 9 inches—of the celebrated medium, D. D. Home, which we can furnish to customers for the moderate sum of thirty-five cents.

A Discussion.—Mrs. Addie L. Ballou and Mr. B. F. Underwood were advertised to hold a discussion on the subject of Spiritualism in Joliet, Ill., commencing Wednesday evening, June 1st.

The Penian Generals who commanded the "Army of the border"—General Distrust, General Disput, General Despair, General Swear. The latter did the most execution.

THE FLEETICITE.
"Will you have me?" the Emperor cries;
From France what's the answer that flows?
Seven millions turn up their "Ayes."
And more than a million their "Noes."
—[Punch.]

A change of air is recommended to the boys who continue to whistle "Shoo Fly," as the sticky season is coming on.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, took decided ground against what has been called the "Puritan Sabbath." He believed in walking out and in writing letters on that day, and would not sign a petition, against allowing horse-cars to run on Sunday. This, he thought, was an injury to the poor; and it was no worse for them to ride in the cars than for the rich to ride in their carriages.

Anna Story was recently married to Robert Short. A very pleasant way of making a Story Short.

A Washington belle says: "In walking up a long room when the women who do not like you are looking at your back, there is a moral support conveyed by a Paris dress not to be derived from the firmest religious principles."

Judge Dewey, of the Superior Criminal Court at Worcester, Mass., last week, fined James E. Donovan ten dollars and costs for working on the Sabbath in his own house! Rigidly enforce such a law, and the Courts would have more than they could do to try all the cases of violation.

Sealed letters answered satisfactorily, or money refunded, addressed to J. H. Hall, impressionist, medium, and editor of "The American Journal of Spiritual Sciences," to be issued in September. The best spiritual writers are engaged to contribute to this journal. SPIRIT HALL will be opened in September with Free Circles and Free Spiritual Library. The desk will be occupied daily, and on Sundays three times a day, by the editor, except under engagements to lecture elsewhere. Mediums will be paid for services, and others, where they are accepted. Talent of every kind is enjoined to be developed as the gift of God in the interest of humanity. To letters of correspondence, inquiry, sealed letters for reply, and subscription to the *Journal of Spiritual Sciences*, (monthly), at two dollars a year, address the editor at 176 Broadway, New York.

WISHING.

When I reflect how little I have done,
And add to that how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won,
Of joy or good, how little known, or been:
I long for other life more full, more keen,
And yearn to change with such as well have run.
Yet reason mocks me—say, the soul, I won't,
Granted her choice would dare to change with none.
No—not to feel, as Blondin, when his lay
Pierced the strong tower and Richard answered it—
No, not to do, as Eustace on the way
He left his Caid to her weeping fit—
No, not to Columbus, waked from sleep,
When his new world rose from the charmed deep.
—[Jean Ingelow.]

THE POPE DECLARES HIMSELF INFALLIBLE.
The French minister in Rome, De Banneville, in his report to Count Daru of an interview with Plux IX., quotes the Pope as saying, "Daru does not like the dogma of infallibility. That is a pity. But the Holy Ghost will not halt for fear of disturbing Daru's scruples. Tell him, my son, that neither he nor any other person will prevent me from being infallible. I am, I feel myself to be infallible, and who can know it better than I?"

One hundred women are now preparing themselves for admission to the bar in the United States.

"THE REVOLUTION."—The famous and piquant journal known as *The Revolution*, after passing through three years of struggle, is suddenly made the heir presumptive to a brilliant future, says the *Independent*. A number of friends of "The Union Woman Suffrage Society," of which Theodore Tilton is president, have formed a joint-stock company, called "The Revolution Association," with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, which was all taken at a single meeting of the stockholders held on Monday week in Brooklyn.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the late proprietor, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the late editor, retain a pecuniary interest in the new organization, but mean to devote themselves mainly to the lecture-field—though Mrs. Stanton will keep her brilliant pen busy in her accustomed and familiar columns. The new editor is to be Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, of Brooklyn—a lady of rare graces and accomplishments; and the new publisher, Mr. Edwin A. Studwell—well-known as a young and energetic New York financier. Mrs. Curtis and Mr. Bullard (being blessed with an abundance of this world's goods) propose to give their services to the journal as a free offering to a good cause, and without other compensation than the satisfaction they will take in making a lively newspaper and in promoting woman's enfranchisement.

Fogs of unprecedented density and extent are encountered by vessels approaching the coast this season. They extend from Halifax to Cape Hatteras, and are a great hindrance to navigators, as well as an element of danger.

Kossuth is giving lessons in foreign languages, at Turin, in order to make a living. He steadily refuses to accept any presents at the hands of his friends.

THE REASON WHY.—The immediate cause of premature fading or blanching of the hair is an obstruction of the oil vessels which afford the coloring matter. The remote causes may be general ill health, trouble of mind, etc. Hence, in order to restore its natural color and beauty, the oil vessels must be restored to their normal condition. It is on this principle that *Nature's Hair Restorative* is compounded, and it has proved a complete success, wherever faithfully applied. It is not a poisonous dye, consequently the effect is gradual, and in severe cases two or three bottles are necessary to produce the desired result.

A True Spiritualist.

Passed to the spiritual world, from Cochesett, Mass., on the last day of May, 1870, Mr. B. F. Marshall, aged about forty-five years. Bro. Marshall has enjoyed a clear perception of the truths of Spiritualism for several years past. He has been a constant and appreciative reader of the *Banner of Spiritualism* while a member of the Methodist Church in Cochesett, he very soon found that the ideas presented to him by the inhabitants of the better country were not only more rational, but in many respects entirely inconsistent with what he had believed as a Methodist. Naturally cautious, but firm in his convictions when founded upon mature thought, he was at all proper times outspoken and ready to give a reason for the faith that was in him, desiring to converse freely with his neighbors and brethren of the church upon the new light that shone upon his own path. This very soon involved his excommunication from the church, and consequent entrance upon the larger fellowship of unfettered souls everywhere who love the truth, and will follow it wherever it may lead. He was privileged to enjoy the sympathy of his wife and father's family, together with several neighbors, in the investigation of this new and to him blessed revelation. Business pursuits led Bro. Marshall temporarily to reside in various places in Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey, and everywhere his light shone as a consistent Spiritualist, a genial friend, and a thoroughly honest and pure-minded man.

Inherited tendencies to consumption have always warned him of short life in the body, and during the two years last past, as the certain signs of dissolution have increased, he has not only ordered all his business affairs calmly, as he desired to leave them, but also has taken particular care to testify to that faith and knowledge which made his path to the better country brighter and brighter as the days passed swiftly by. The hours of death—for they were many with him—were "honest hours," and to the clergyman and neighbors who visited him, he proved that Spiritualism was not only good to live by, but all-sustaining and triumphant as the shadows of earth gradually melted away.

The funeral of Bro. Marshall was in charge of the Masonic fraternity of North Bridgewater, to which he belonged, and was attended from the Methodist church, Cochesett, that had been hospitably tendered for the occasion. Everything was conducted strictly in accordance with the wishes of our brother, that it might not appear as an occasion of gloom and despondency, but rather as the visit of that angel whose mission it is to lead earth's children through a door which opens into new and more perfect existence. The coffin was covered with white Marcellines, the emblems of the Masonic fraternity being engraved upon the silver ornaments, and pure white flowers were disposed about the pallid features on which rested the peace of death. The North Bridgewater Band led the procession from the house to the church and the grave, the beautiful and appropriate music of "Peyel's Hymn" ennobling the mind to harmony with the event which we commemorated. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, the services consisting of appropriate selections from the "Spiritual Harp," sung by an excellent volunteer choir, and an address by the writer upon the character and qualities of our friend, as illustrating the philosophy and practical tendencies of Spiritualism. The simple but touching ceremonies of the Masonic Order, at the grave, completed the outward tokens of respect to one whose memory and example will live long in the hearts of his wide circle of friends.

H. B. STORER.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.
Boston.—*Mercantile Hall*.—An interesting session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum took place at this hall Sunday A. M., June 6th. In addition to the regular exercises, a good number of declamations were given by the scholars—most of the participants being girls—Misses Edna S. Dodge, Hattie Richardson, and Coggins sang, and Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, made a brief address to the children.

Temple Hall.—The usual circles—for which this place enjoys a good reputation—took place on Sunday morning and afternoon, June 6th.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum held its usual meeting at noon; the services being prefaced by a music lesson from Prof. Hudson; singing, silver-chain recitations, wing movements, etc., followed, all tending to make the occasion pleasant and profitable.

Casimiroff Hall.—*Harmony Hall*.—At a recent Leaders' Meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum the following list of officers for the current year was completed and ratified: E. A. Allen, Conductor; W. H. Betts, Assistant Conductor; Miss A. B. Marshall, Guardian; Mrs. Atkins, Assistant Guardian; D. W. Ball, Librarian; E. Betts, Assistant Librarian; S. Conant, Musical Director; G. W. Leavitt, Assistant Musical Director; J. Houston, C. Ward, Guards; Mrs. Pearson, Recording Secretary; D. W. Bullard, Acting Treasurer. Everything bids fair for the future usefulness of this organization.

Newmarket Hall.—*Liberty Hall*.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of this city, met at the above named hall Sunday morning, June 6th, at 10 o'clock. The regular exercises, which were touching and attractive, were varied with readings and declamations by Misses E. and G. Atwater, Richardson, Bowler, Penney and Ash; Masters Colby, E. T. and A. B. Richardson; and readings by Mr. William Bricher and Mrs. Atwater, group leaders. Brief addresses were made to the children by D. W. Green, Conductor, W. Bricher and Dr. J. H. Currier, after which the session closed.

The Spiritualist Association of Newburyport, after severe struggles, and in the face of much opposition, have been enabled to lease Liberty Hall for a space of five years, and are determined to leave nothing undone to promote the advancement of Spiritualism in that place. On Sunday afternoon and evening, June 6th, Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston, addressed this society, taking occasion in the course of his remarks to congratulate them upon the promising turn of affairs in this vicinity, which was the result of their noble devotion to the cause.

North Scituate.—The Lyceum at this place is in a highly prosperous condition. At a recent election, the following named ladies and gentlemen were chosen as its board of officers for the current year: D. J. Bates, Conductor; Deborah N. Merrill, Guardian; Edwin Studley, Assistant Guardian; W. F. Bates, Musical Director; J. W. Morris, Librarian; Miss A. B. Marshall, Charles L. Bradford, Guards; Rufus Clapp, Joseph E. Morrill, Amelia Bradford, Caroline Bradford, Lizzie S. Morrill, Fannie Brown, Mary B. Bates, Leaders. Mr. Bates, its Conductor, says: "Thus by launching our bark on the sea of Progression one year since, we have stemmed the tide of opposition, and remain one of the fleet to battle for the right."

The meetings of the North Scituate Spiritualist Association are held on the second and last Sunday in each month—services at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

Waltham.—The meetings of the Spiritualist Association and also the Lyceum have been suspended for the summer months; in the early part of September they will be resumed, the prospect being good for a successful course of lectures during the fall and winter.

Map of Boston.

B. B. Russell, 55 Cornhill, has just issued a new map of Boston from the latest surveys, including the 16th Ward, (Dorchester.) The map is about 23 by 3 feet in size. Great care has been taken to have this the most accurate plan of the city yet published. Of course every one will desire to possess a copy.

California has a million acres of wheat growing.

New Subscribers.

It is indeed gratifying to be able to again return sincere thanks to our old patrons for their generous efforts to increase the circulation of the *Banner of Light*. Since our last report the following named parties have each sent us one or more new names for our list: F. Bolton sent two new subscribers: a friend, three; C. B. Lyne, two; E. Moyer, one; H. Snow, one; L. S. Baker, one; I. Crosby, one; E. W. Huntington, one; S. J. Deak, one; O. E. Main, one; D. K. W. Linter, one; D. H. Davis, one; George W. Lewis, one; George W. Carleton, one; Mrs. A. Gunning, one; J. H. Hall, one; Charles Mann, one; Dr. H. T. Child, one; W. Harr, one; Thomas Quinn, one; Mrs. S. Wade, one; E. A. Macomber, one; Mrs. L. Walbrook, one; A. Hedges, one; Mrs. G. B. Drew, one; F. Byson, one; S. Jones, one; J. H. Crane, one; E. Smith, one; A. Moulton, one; Mrs. M. A. Cox, one; D. H. Hall, one; R. H. Farnsworth, one; L. M. Bolster, one; Mrs. M. Hunter, one; S. H. Adams, one; J. W. Adams, one; Mrs. George Fisher, one; E. H. Adams, one; Mrs. E. B. Place, one; J. W. Finlay, one; Mr. Proctor, one; W. Poole, one; William C. Waters, one; Mrs. William Green, one; E. B. Phillips, one; H. C. L. Dorsey, one; J. H. Conoley, one; J. W. Scudder, one; M. D. Smith, one; Dr. D. V. Brown, one; A. Atherton, one; S. R. Drury, one; Jno. Williams, one; Joseph L. Wells, one; A. T. Monroe, one; T. P. Day, one; S. Tracy, one; S. J. Winter, one; R. C. Hall, one; C. M. Moody, one; S. Wadson, one; E. C. Fairchild, one; W. B. Barrett, one; E. F. Deak, one; S. M. Farquhar, one; A. Pearson, one; Miss M. Giddard, one; Mrs. L. A. Blanchard, one; William Jarvis, one; J. Donaldson, one; B. W. Williams, one; O. N. Bancroft, one; Mrs. G. P. Davis, one; E. B. Matteson, one; A. Dennis, one; S. Eldridge, one; H. W. Lake, one; A. Rogers, one; M. H. Price, one; J. H. Currier, one; Hon. R. Wheeler, one.

"The Voices."

DEAR BANNER—I have so thoroughly enjoyed the reading of "The Voices," and all friends who have read it are so much pleased with its philosophy, its logic, sarcasm and wit, that I feel impelled to invite the special attention of your many readers to this remarkable book. It is opening the eyes of the bigoted and superstitious wherever it is read, besides giving hope and good cheer to the believing. No work ever so thoroughly exposed the weakness of the Orthodox God and the creeds of the Church, or on the other hand ever awakened a higher conception of the noble attributes of the God of Nature. I have bought and distributed many copies of the work, and in almost every case it proved to be an antidote to bigotry and superstition. But that is not the best of it, for it directs the mind into the realms of a rational, God-like philosophy, from which no one can backslide. Long live "The Voices," the prayer of

Yours fraternally, O. GRIFFIN.

Worcester, Mass., May 29, 1870.

P.S.—I trust, Messrs. Editors, I am only expressing the sentiments of every one that has read the book. The author (Warren Sumner Barlow) truly possesses the grandest and most beautiful ideas of God and his attributes of any author I have ever heard of. Reader, don't fail to send for a copy of "The Voices."

O. G.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A great conflagration occurred at Constantinople, Turkey, June 6th. A telegram from that place dated the 6th, says: "Yesterday afternoon, about one o'clock, a fire broke out in the district of Pera, near the railroad, rapidly spreading to the quarters of the city. The flames were discovered in an old building in Pera, on the north side of Golden Horn. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and the fire quickly spread to the houses and shops in the neighborhood. The firemen and citizens to stop the flames were futile, and in a few hours the residences of the English, American and Portuguese Ambassadors and Consulates, Naom Theatre, many houses and shops, and the fire is isolated. The loss of life by the falling of walls has been fearful. It is estimated that at least thirty people have been killed or injured by the falling of walls. The loss is incalculable. The fire at this hour (noon) is still burning fiercely, and the conflagration of the people beggars description. Evening. The conflagration has been checked, though the flames still rage fiercely at some points, but they cannot spread. Houses have been blown up, and the fire is isolated. The loss of property is immense, as the burnt district includes one of the wealthiest and best built quarters of the city. All the archives and plate of the British Legation were saved."

The tax bill proper has gone through the House substantially as it came from the ways and means committee, except the rate of the income tax, the rate of that tax having, against Mr. Schenck's advice, been fixed at three per cent. with \$2000 exemption. If the Senate should agree with the House on this point the Revenue Bureau thinks the return from income next year would not exceed \$10,000,000. The whole reduction by the bill is estimated by Mr. Schenck at \$15,000,000, which is about the amount recommended by Mr. Sherman and his committee, though it is reached in a different manner from that by him advised.

A destructive tornado swept over Scott County, Ill., on Saturday, June 4th. It covered an area of four or five miles in length, and a mile wide. Fences were demolished, and fields of wheat, corn, oats, and garden vegetables were completely destroyed. The largest forest trees were torn up by the roots, and orchards and vineyards were ruined. No lives were lost.

The Economical Council, June 1st, decided that the dogma of infallibility shall be limited on June 20 in honor of the feast of St. Peter. Extensive preparations are being made to celebrate the occasion, and the display of pomp and pageantry will surpass any demonstration ever witnessed in Europe. The religious services will be of a most solemn and impressive character, and thousands of visitors from every city in Europe will be present to witness the display or take part in the ceremonies.

Advises from Remedios, Cuba, confirm the slaughter of forty-two of the most respectable citizens by the volunteers, the ravages for the many days they had suffered. Purcell, the military commander of the district, knew that the butchery was meditated, and passively endorsed it.

The report of the Massachusetts State Constable for May shows the following: Liquor prosecutions, 670; all other prosecutions, 230; aggregate, 915; liquor seizures, 230; gaming seizures, 4; gambler arrests, 35; fines paid in the several courts, \$17,104.95; expenses of the department, \$3035.81.

France approves and sympathizes with the action of Prussia in warring the Economical Council against action which may cause difficulties between the government and the clergy.

The War Department has issued an order instructing military commanders to keep intruders off land reserved to the Indians by treaty.

The general assembly of the Presbyterian Church has decided that the Heidelberg Catechism is not inconsistent with pure Calvinism, which prepares the way for a union with the Reformed Protestant Church.

The steamboat fare from New York to Albany is now \$1.50, and the fare from New York to San Francisco is \$138.

There is excitement in London over the escape of a Cuban prisoner from that port.

The report by telegraph of the outrage committed by the Chinese in Tongking and the Java is partially confirmed by later dispatches from Paris.

New York.

The Seventh Annual Picnic of the Children's Progressive Lyceum and Spiritualists of New York and vicinity will be held at Elm Park, (entrance on 92d street, near 8th avenue), on Friday, June 17th.

The Lyceum, and as many of the friends as can make it convenient, will assemble at Continental Hall, corner of Eighth avenue and 34th street, on Friday morning, at 9 o'clock, and proceed at 9 o'clock by special cars to the Picnic grounds, free of charge. A wagon will also be in readiness to receive baskets and convey them to the grounds; each basket should be marked with the name of the owner.

There will be speaking on the platform from 2 to 3 o'clock by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Mr. N. Frank White, and others. Songs and recitations by members of the Lyceum may also be expected. At about 3 o'clock, Mr. George W. Allen's quadrille band will be in attendance, and dancing will be continued through the afternoon and evening.

Tickets of admission to the Park, 50 cents; children 25 cents; Lyceum members free.

Dr. D. U. MARTIN, Conductor

Mr. E. S. CREAMER, Treasurer.

P. E. FARNSWORTH, Chm'n Com. Arrangements.

N. B.—Should Friday, the 17th, prove stormy, the Picnic will be postponed until the next day, Saturday, the 18th.

The First Grand Union Picnic for 1870

Will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on TUESDAY, JUNE 28th. The Children's Progressive Lyceums of Boston and Cambridgeport will attend in a body, and invitations have been extended to other Lyceums, which are expected to be present and participate in the festivities of the occasion. The morning hours will be devoted to such exercises by the Lyceums as their Committee may determine upon; to be followed by speaking by some of our best lecturers, dancing, boating, etc., etc. DANCING FREE to all who purchase tickets to the Grove by the railroad. All others will be charged extra. SPECIAL TRAINS will leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, at 8:45 and 12 o'clock precisely for the Grove.

Fare from Boston and return: Adults, \$1.00; Children 50 cents.

From the following way stations by regular trains:

Harrison Square, Adults, 70 cts.; Children, 40 cts.	
Naponeset, " 65 " " 35 "	
Quincy, " 60 " " 30 "	
Braintree, " 50 " " 25 "	
South Braintree, " 45 " " 25 "	
Taunton, " 105 " " 55 "	
Dighton, " 145 " " 75 "	
North Bridgewater, " 75 " " 40 "	
East Bridgewater, " 40 " " 20 "	
Bridgewater, " 55 " " 30 "	
Middleboro', " 70 " " 35 "	
Hanson, " 35 " " 20 "	
Halifax, " 50 " " 25 "	
Plymouth, " 50 " " 25 "	
Plymouth, " 55 " " 30 "	

If the weather is pleasant it is anticipated that this will be one of the largest and most interesting gatherings ever assembled in this famous Grove. Come one and all, and bring the children, that they for one day may enjoy the fresh air and sunlight of the country.

H. F. GARINGER, M. D., Manager.

Massachusetts Spiritualist Association.
The Executive Board of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association will hold a business meeting at three P. M., at the *Banner of Light* Office, on Wednesday afternoon, June 15th. We hope all interested in the formation of a Tract Society, and other measures for the promotion and promulgation of our faith and philosophy, will take special pains to attend this meeting.

H. S. WILLIAMS, Secy.

Spiritualists' Picnics and Camp Meeting.
The committee would take this method of informing friends and the public that they propose to hold two picnics the coming season. The first picnic will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, June 28th, and the second at Camp Meeting, continuing from Tuesday until Sunday night, July 2nd. We hope all interested in the formation of a Tract Society, and other measures for the promotion and promulgation of our faith and philosophy, will take special pains to attend this meeting.

H. S. WILLIAMS, Secy.

The Austin Kent Fund.
Previous acknowledgments, \$81.85
John N. Blood, " 8.00
" Friend, " 50
Total, \$90.35

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy.
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.
THE MONTHLY PSYCHIC. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents.
THE RELIGIO-PSYCHIC JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents.
THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.
THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents.
THE JOURNAL OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 22 West 29th street, New York. J. C.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

M. K. CASSIES, Trance Medium for spirit answers to sealed letters, at 14 W. 13th st., near 6th avenue, New York. Terms, \$2.00 and four stamps. J. C. 7w

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. FINLEY, 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms, \$2.00 and four stamps. Money returned when letters are not answered. J. 18.

Miss S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychical Medium, and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular. A. 9.

Special Notices.

HERMAN SNOW, 30-32 KEARNEY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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BOSTON.

Notice to Subscribers of the *Banner of Light*.

Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send you notices when your subscription expires, should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the receipt figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

GOOD HEALTH.

Those who are versed in laws of health

Have given as a general rule,

Worth more than richest mines of wealth,

"The feet kept warm—the head kept cool."

This rule observed would oft prevent

Much suffering, and large doctor's bills,

Better than money often spent

For harmful drugs and useless pills.

Let boys then, get a GEOR

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is taken from the spirit of the person who has been the instrumentality of the message.

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, and that they are good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive.

Persons receiving such messages are requested to inform us how far the statements made agree with the facts, as known to them.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (top story), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

Invocation.

Mighty Spirit, who hath made all things and art never absent from anything that thou hast made, while myriads of perfect spirits chant thy praises, we, thy children in the lower life, would catch up and echo and carry forward the strain unto those souls who dwell in the prison houses of the flesh, that they too may praise thee, that their ears may hear the songs of thy children who have been redeemed from error, from sorrow, from deep suffering. Mighty Spirit, give us wisdom, give us strength, give us love to lead thy mortal children out of the slough of priestly ignorance. They have been led there, our Father, unconsciously to themselves. In our earthly life, we too were there. Oh, give us wisdom, give us strength to lead them up the mountain of transfiguration, where they shall view themselves reflected in thee, where they may know, Great Spirit, that they are thy children, and that thou canst not forsake them. Amen.

March 28.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we will answer them.

Ques.—Why do female spirits never control at these circles?

Ans.—It is because there is need of a large exercise of positive spiritual strength in controlling at this place. It is free for all—the lowest as well as the highest are free to come here, and there are spirits in the spirit-land as low morally and intellectually as there are here with you.

March 28.

Alexander Nelson.

I was second officer on board the bark "Sea King," and was lost from that vessel the 13th of February last. I am not at all accustomed to this way of sending our thoughts to those who are left on the earth. But I presume there is nothing necessary except to give a simple statement of facts. My name, Alexander Nelson; my age, forty-two years; my birth-place, London, Eng. I was one of a family of five—the second son. I had heard, before my last voyage, much about this Spiritualism, but had no faith in it. Some of my friends have been looking into it, and are very pleasantly disposed toward it; thought there was truth in it, and it ought to be thoroughly investigated. But for my own part, I did not have time to investigate it, and I do not know as I had the inclination. But being suddenly whisked into the spirit-world, and having left out all the good-bys, I thought myself wouldn't it be a wise thing on my part to see if this new religious truth that has arrived on the earth is not true, and, if it is, to avail myself of it. Accordingly, I looked about myself, to see what I could make out by it. I found, on inquiry, that there were thousands and tens of thousands of places open privately for our friends, but did not find any public place except here. So of course I got some one who understood the thing to pilot me here. I made some inquiries, and found that I would be obliged to wait and look the thing over, and get catechized and criticized from those who had the thing in charge in the spirit-world. Having passed through all that, I was obliged to wait for what they told me were proper earthly conditions. That was the last point to be reached. I was informed to-day that it was right for me, so I stepped in; and I hope to arrive safely in the harbor where my friends reside—mentally at least. What I mean by that is, I want them to spiritually understand that this thing is true; that I can return, and if I can, anybody else can; that the way is open, but that there is something for them to do to learn about it—something to do. It pertains to their future life, and what they can hear about it will affect the entire eternity that belongs to them. It is not a something that will affect merely the time here, but it affects the entire future that belongs to them as intelligent beings. So to my mind it is worth looking into. I have a great many things I would like to say to those nearest and dearest to me, but I would like to say them in some more private place than this; not for my own sake, but for theirs. They are in this world subject to the criticism of this world, and I am not. If this world criticizes me, why, I don't care for it. I am at a height above it. It will be very natural for my friends to be looking me out through this source that you have so kindly opened for our return. Since it was talked over by us—not that I should return especially, for I did not think of coming just now, but this way of return was talked over—many of my friends have been looking at the matter from this source, so of course they will know that I know of it and will be very likely to avail myself of it now that I have been so suddenly called. [You think they will get your letter?] I think so. However, of course it is a mere matter of conjecture with me. I do not know. [Shall we send it to them?] Since some of the parties get your paper regularly, I do not see the need of it. I would like to say that my death was purely accidental, and I passed very easy and quickly; and so far as I am concerned, had I not the interests of those I have left on earth to consult, I should be happy that I had made the change.

March 28.

Invocation.

Thou Saviour of the world, thou Infinite Spirit of Good, thou that hath shone through the darkness of every age, and anon hath lighted up the dim corridors of even the bad man's soul, and hath led that soul finally to itself, thou Father and Mother of all souls, we come to thee this hour laden with the sighs and tears, the cries and woes of humanity. An uncomely freight we bring thee, oh our Father and our Mother, but we have laid it upon the shore of thine eternity, and we ask thee to change these sighs and tears, these human woes to pearls of great price. We ask thee, oh Spirit of Good, to shine so brightly into these human hearts that they shall forevermore take counsel with thee, and walk obedient to thy law and thy way. Thou wast with us in the freshness of youth, and didst not forsake us in the dim twilight of old age. We should not fear that thou wouldst ever leave us, since thou goest through the dark shadow of death with every soul and maketh gloriously bright its morning in the other life. But human fears, human doubts, the darkness incident to human growth beset thy children who are prisoners in mortality. Oh take them in love, our Father and our Mother, and bestow those gifts upon them that their souls continually cry for. "How long, oh Lord, how long?" is the cry that souls in mortal continuity send up to thee. Answer that cry, oh Spirit of Good, and cause every soul who asketh of thee to know concerning the hereafter. We praise thee, oh Beautiful Spirit, that thou art so constantly near us; we thank thee for thy promised gifts. We praise thee that the crown of immortality is with us. As we are of thyself, we shall outgrow all evil, and finally be crowned with thy goodness which is of thee. Hear our prayer, oh Spirit of Good, and answer in thine own way. Amen.

March 28.

Daniel Bancroft.

It is nineteen years ago since I died, in the city of Boston, State of Massachusetts. I was in my seventy-first year. My name when here was Daniel Bancroft. I heard about the knockings, they called them, when I was here, but never saw anything to satisfy me that spirits could come back. One of my family, my niece, got a good deal mixed up with Spiritualism, and a believer. She once said to me, "Uncle, if you do not find yourself very much mistaken when you get into the spirit, then I am very much mistaken." "Well," I said, "Elizabeth, what in?" "Oh, in almost everything; in almost everything; and I think you will be sorry for a great many things you have done, and particularly for a certain clause—namely, I word for word—"that you have been in your will." I said, "How do you know anything about that?" "Oh, the spirits

told me." "Told you? Well, how did they tell you?" "I went to a person they call a medium, and they told me." "Well, they better be in better business," I said. "Well," said she, "I do not know about that. Perhaps they thought it was good business." "Well," said I, "there's some people who always think that anybody's business but their own is good. I do not care whether they are spirits in or out of the body. They better be in better business." "Well, never mind about that," she says, "Uncle, but I think you will be sorry, and wish you had never made it." "Well, perhaps I shall, but I shall not alter it." Well, I have been doubly and trebly sorry for it, and I am willing to own it, because I see I have favored darkness instead of light. I thought I was doing right, so I am not condemned for doing it, but I feel so sorry that I did not lend my influence and myself in a better direction. But there it is. I do not, and I have mourned over it, and I hope I have outlived it. But it was no more than justice to her, I thought, that I should come back and tell her that she was right, and that had I obeyed the warning that was given me in that way, I should have been very much happier than I have been. But I did not believe in her Spiritualism. I thought it was very strange that she should be able to repeat that word for word, just as it was in my will. I first thought that by some means she had read the will. Then I did not see how it could be. I saw it was an impossibility after looking the thing over. And when I came to ask her, "How did you know?" "Why the spirits told me." Well, I want to say that I hope that she and all others who are satisfied that they are led by good, truthful, loving, wise spirits will give attention to their warnings, pay some heed to them. See that they are worthy. You can tell even here, if you are a mind to try, I believe, and accord them all they are worth. Not as I did, "They better be in better business." Good day, sir. I am going now. If anybody says I better be in better business than coming back and telling what transpired here years ago, I shall forgive 'em—forgive 'em.

March 28.

Jane Elton.

Will you be kind enough to say for me, that I, Jane Elton, of Philadelphia, would be glad to communicate privately with my grandchildren for their special benefit? I have been away from them fifteen years. I come back for their good, and if they are a mind to make use of the usual means to communicate with me, they won't be sorry.

March 28.

John Barker.

You don't know me, of course. [I cannot see you.] John Barker. [I am glad to meet you.] I am glad to come, and I am sorry to come. You have already had an account of our going out of this world. [You were with Capt. Bassett, in the "Java"?] Yes, my wife still has hopes that I shall return; cannot believe that I am dead. My body is, but that is not me. I came here to-day to say that I would be happy to see my child brought up in spiritual light, brought up to believe that her father can, under proper circumstances, communicate with her. The only member of our family, as you are aware, no doubt, that believes in the return of departed spirits, is my sister Lizzie, and I thank God for one who can hear our call and answer it. Tell her, from me, to keep bright and beautiful her faith. It is a pearl of great price. She will find it worth more than all the wealth of this world when she comes where I am. Tell her to cherish it and let it grow, and not barter it away for anything.

I think after a time the account given you by Capt. Bassett, of our going down, will be corroborated from Yokohama, or at least that part of it that tells you of the typhoon at that time, and the earth or sea-quake. [Is there no hope of getting any remains of the vessel?] No, that has long since ceased to be possible. [Did it go down into the earth, or only into the sea?] Not down into the earth. I think not. As high as we can learn after leaving our bodies, there was an opening of perhaps a foot or two feet wide, just enough to produce a suction which drew the vessel down.

[To the Chairman.]—God bless you. [Were you at the house the other day when I was there?] I was, I was. [You saw the child plainly?] Yes, I thank you for going. I hope you will go often.

March 28.

Invocation.

Thou Saviour of the world, thou Infinite Spirit of Good, thou that hath shone through the darkness of every age, and anon hath lighted up the dim corridors of even the bad man's soul, and hath led that soul finally to itself, thou Father and Mother of all souls, we come to thee this hour laden with the sighs and tears, the cries and woes of humanity. An uncomely freight we bring thee, oh our Father and our Mother, but we have laid it upon the shore of thine eternity, and we ask thee to change these sighs and tears, these human woes to pearls of great price. We ask thee, oh Spirit of Good, to shine so brightly into these human hearts that they shall forevermore take counsel with thee, and walk obedient to thy law and thy way. Thou wast with us in the freshness of youth, and didst not forsake us in the dim twilight of old age. We should not fear that thou wouldst ever leave us, since thou goest through the dark shadow of death with every soul and maketh gloriously bright its morning in the other life. But human fears, human doubts, the darkness incident to human growth beset thy children who are prisoners in mortality. Oh take them in love, our Father and our Mother, and bestow those gifts upon them that their souls continually cry for. "How long, oh Lord, how long?" is the cry that souls in mortal continuity send up to thee. Answer that cry, oh Spirit of Good, and cause every soul who asketh of thee to know concerning the hereafter. We praise thee, oh Beautiful Spirit, that thou art so constantly near us; we thank thee for thy promised gifts. We praise thee that the crown of immortality is with us. As we are of thyself, we shall outgrow all evil, and finally be crowned with thy goodness which is of thee. Hear our prayer, oh Spirit of Good, and answer in thine own way. Amen.

March 28.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—I am directed by a spirit of very high intelligence to ask the following question: For what reason, or cause, or end, does it become necessary, after having lived here for an ordinary lifetime in the form without a companion, (male or female), that such parties take companions, male and female, in the higher or spirit-life?

Ans.—I believe that a perfect soul is a male and a female soul, the two combined in one. And as perfection is not reached in this lower life, we have no such combination here; but as it is reached, relatively speaking, in the other life, therefore that condition is found there, and if it is, it is of necessity.

Q.—What is love? The Book says, "God is love." I know that love is a God-principle, but is there anything else which can properly be called love, except that burning affection toward God and all his works?

A.—Your correspondent has a very good idea of what love is.

Q.—Can you propose any measure that will destroy or remove poverty and vice?

A.—Yes; by substituting the law of right instead of the law of might. By setting aside that which has always been right amongst you, namely, the right to obtain all that you are capable of obtaining, and also the right to retain it. Do as the soul does after death, and there will be no poverty here. It gathers to itself whatsoever it needs and can appropriate to its own growth. It retains just so much and no more, therefore there is enough for all. If you would all do this, you would all have enough. There would be no poor amongst you.

Q.—Can Spiritualism be of practical good to humanity, till it is developed as a science?

A.—Spiritualism is the science of life—life here and hereafter. But as yet your human senses have not so determined, consequently to your human senses it is an undeveloped science. No; it can be of no great practical good till you recognize it as what it is, the science of life. When you do, it can be of great use, great good to you.

Q.—It has made its appearance frequently in the past ages, and then become almost entirely obscured. Are we to hope that it is to be perpetuated to us till we develop and comprehend it as a science?

A.—Yes; you have the right to so hope, and I trust that your hope will be changed to knowledge. When you part with your bodies, you will know, you will fully realize what you now hope for.

Q.—Is it possible for us to understand all the laws of our being here?

A.—No, not clearly.

Q.—Can any one become a medium who wishes to be so?

A.—All persons are mediums to a greater or lesser extent. Those who are especially gifted in that direction are specially gifted from conception, and the circumstances of their after life develop this germ of mediumship—bring it out. The conditions with which they are brought in contact spiritually and materially, all tend to bring out or develop this germ of mediumship. I know of no special course to develop one's mediumship, except to live as nearly in harmony with Nature as possible. This is all you can do.

Q.—Has the spirit of Theodore Parker changed his views on theology from what they were when here?

A.—He has changed his views very materially since he dwelt here in the body.

Q.—Will you please to give a few of the leading points on which he has changed?

A.—Theologically speaking, he did not believe in modern Spiritualism here. Now he does. There is a very great change. When here, Theodore Parker did not believe absolutely in the existence of evil. Now he does; but he sees it to be only the lesser good, which will finally be absorbed by the greater good. Theodore Parker, when here, had not that charity for all the various religious denominations scattered abroad in the land that, as a Christian minister, he should have had. To-day he has that charity, seeing, as he does, that all are differently compounded, spiritually and materially; therefore all must see from a different spiritual and material standpoint. All cannot be Unitarians, any more than all can be Presbyterians. We are each one of us adapted precisely to the condition we occupy, either in material or in spiritual things. When we are ready to become Spiritualists, we become Spiritualists. But if we are forced into that growth before we are ready for it, it is merely a forced growth—an excrescence upon our being, which will drop off at the first ray of a greater sunlight.

Q.—Was the example of Christ's thirty years' experience in the flesh of as great importance to mankind as his death and resurrection?

A.—Certainly. His death and resurrection cannot have that amount of importance to mankind as is found in his thirty years of mortal life. If Jesus Christ lived a pure life, certainly that example would go further toward redeeming the race from evil than his death or his resurrection, for by his life we learn precisely what Jesus was; therefore his death and resurrection are no special importance to the human race. These incidents in the life of humanity have been given—thousands, millions of them, before Jesus gave his. You are receiving them every day. But if Jesus lived the pure and blameless life the record accords to him, surely, surely you can gain more from that than from the death and the resurrection.

Q.—Will not the influence of that pure life continue to exist through the ages?

A.—Forever and forever.

Q.—Is it not, then, true that he was the Saviour of the world?

A.—In that sense he was.

Q.—Had he a divine, as well as human nature?

A.—Even as you have—as all men and women have—in no other sense.

Q.—Do you believe people are as much inspired now as in Bible times?

A.—Just as much; some of them even more.

Q.—Any person who lived the same blameless life would be just the same—a saviour?

A.—Precisely.

Q.—Do you consider him a perfect example to follow?

A.—I consider him to have been as perfect an example as you, or I, or any other portion of humanity could follow.

Q.—Has any one ever been as perfect?

A.—Oh, yes; in ages preceding, and in ages succeeding him.

Q.—Do you consider Confucius or Socrates as perfect as Jesus?

A.—Yes, I do.

Q.—Does not the good conduct of man depend on his circumstances?

A.—Very much. You are, to a great extent, creatures of circumstances.

March 28.

John W. Bartlett.

Will you be kind enough to say that John W. Bartlett, of the First Massachusetts Battery, would be glad to communicate with his friends? My body was buried at Park Station, near Spain House, upon the south side. But my spirit travels about wherever it wills to, and it wills to come to old Massachusetts—to Boston; and wills to communicate to the friends it has left here. How soon do you publish? [In about two months.] When—two months? Well, then, in about ten weeks I will call round and see what effect my message has had, and if I get an invitation to come nearer. Good day, sir.

March 28.

John Singleton.

I am John Singleton. I died in Charlestown, Mass. nine years ago. I was a carpenter by trade; fifty-four years of age; I left three children

—two sons and a daughter. But I am getting quite anxious to communicate with them. If my message reaches them, and if they consider the favor, I want them to give me a call at some place where I can speak to them as I do to you.

March 28.

Belle Wide-Awake.

[How do you do?] I am comfortable, thank you. I come here to tell old Chamberlain—[Who is he?] Well, he knows who he is, and I know who he is, and that's enough to know. Tell him if he gets any odds from me he will have to get up earlier than I do, and earlier than he ever did yet, for he is too lazy to get up very early, and I shall always keep my eyes wide open—wide awake! I am Belle Wide-Awake! No use for him to try to get any odds over me, or over anybody I have anything to do with, because I am a great deal smarter than he ever was or ever will be. I am cross to-day! [I am sorry.] Well, folks have a right to be cross, have'n't they, if they have anything to be cross about?

Now don't go to cutting down my message, and smoothing it over. [Oh, no; we will give you the full benefit of your words.] See that you do, because if you don't I will write it all out again, when it comes to me in the proof, and worse than that—good deal worse!

And now I am here I may as well say, tell Mary D. Stearns, from me, that I will fulfill my promise to her, if I can, next time she comes here.

Now you won't publish, will you, for two months? [Perhaps a week or two before.] Suppose I get on the comfortable side of the President, and he says I may have it published ahead, what then? [All right, if he gives the order.] All right, then; I know how to influence him. A woman can do most anything she undertakes to.

March 28.

Ellen Shay.

I want to tell my sister, Margaret Shay, that I am not in the unhappy place, that I am in need of any prayers. I am in the hands of the good Lord, who takes care of all of us. Ellen Shay is my name. She worries about me because I had n't the consolations of our church when I died, and she thought I was n't as good a Catholic as I used to be. I am, tell her, and was when I died. It is all right with me here on this side, and I want her priest, Father Kelley, to say so. Good day, sir. God bless you! Good day.

March 28.

Scance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by D. Judd Pardee.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 31.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; George Locke, of Lowell, Mass., to his father; Joel Nason, of Boston; Thomas Horton, wrecked in the ship "Elizabeth," in 1812, to his brother Benjamin.

Friday, April 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Nancy Nutter, of Portsmouth, N. H., to her friends; John F. G. Kellogg, of New York, to his brother Theodore; William Barnard, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his friends.

Saturday, April 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; James C. G. Kellogg, of New York, to his friends; William Barnard, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his friends; William Horton, wrecked in the ship "Elizabeth," in 1812, to his brother Benjamin.

Sunday, April 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Peter Holway, of Cambridge, Mass., to his family; Lisa Webster, of Lowell, Mass., to her mother; Henry Cheney, of Lowell, Mass., to his friends.

Tuesday, April 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Susan Richards, of Boston, to her friends; George H. Kelley, of New York, to his friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Wednesday, April 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Annie T. Rogers, of New York City, to her friends; Thomas Brown, of Savannah, Ga., to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Thursday, April 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas Kingsbury Robinson, died in Sydney, New South Wales, to his brother, in New York; Samuel R. Head, of Troy, N. Y., to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Friday, April 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Caroline Furber, of Portsmouth, N. H., to her family.

Saturday, April 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles J. Allen, of New York, to his friends; Charles Waterman, to Dr. Walker, Superintendent of the insane asylum, South Boston.

Sunday, April 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Ellen Taylor, of Bath, Me., to her sister; Timothy H. Carson, of Dubuque, Iowa, to his friends; Caroline Hilly, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Monday, April 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Marian Weeks, of Boston, to her friends; James C. G. Kellogg, of New York, to his friends; William Barnard, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his friends; William Horton, wrecked in the ship "Elizabeth," in 1812, to his brother Benjamin.

Tuesday, April 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Oliver H. H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Wednesday, April 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joshua Banks, of Denver, to his brother.

Thursday, April 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Eliza Williams, of New York, to her friends; Annie Page, to her Aunt Mary, in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Margaret Webb; James L. Haggard, of Columbus, O., to his friend Arthur Davis.

Friday, April 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; O. H. Kelley, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Saturday, April 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Amie Louisa Crane, of Augusta, Me., to her sister; John C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Noah Sturtevant, of East Boston, to his friends.

Sunday, April 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Monday, April 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Tuesday, April 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Wednesday, April 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Thursday, April 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Friday, April 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Saturday, April 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Sunday, April 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Monday, April 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Tuesday, April 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Wednesday, April 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Thursday, April 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Friday, April 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Saturday, April 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Sunday, April 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Monday, May 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Tuesday, May 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Wednesday, May 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

Thursday, May 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. C. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Frederick H. Kelley, of Boston, to his friends; Elizabeth H. Kelley, of New York, to her friends; Robert P. Adams, of New York, to his friends; Timothy Hilly, of his brother, in Halifax, N. S.

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